The RELIEF SOCIETY Magazine

Volume XXII JANUARY, 1935 No. 1

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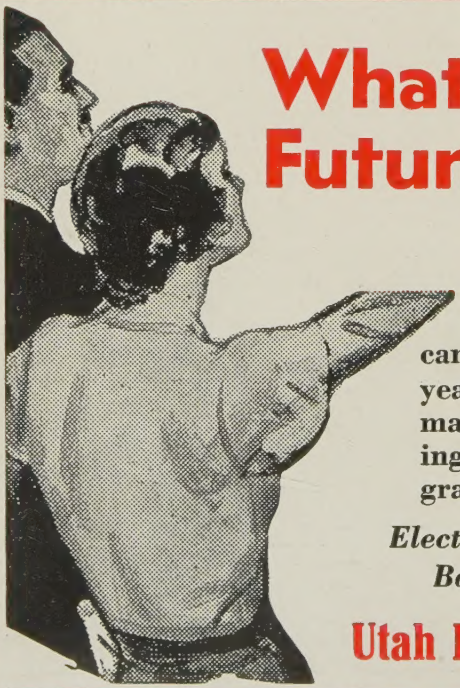

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Interesting Radio Broadcasts

We call our readers' attention to the following worthwhile broadcasts:

The International Federation of Business and Professional Women is inaugurating a radio forum in which we hope you will be keenly interested.

The broadcasts are entitled "Women and World Peace." They are to be given on successive Fridays between December 14th and March 1st, as a part of the program of the Woman's Radio Review, Mrs. Claudine MacDonald, director, and will be relayed through Station WEAF, New York, to a National Broadcasting Company network. The time is 3:30 to 4:00 p. m.

Below is the schedule:

THE BROADCAST SCHEDULE

December 14th—Lena Madesin Phillips, President of the International Federation of Business and Professional Women.

December 21st—Mrs. Mary R. Beard.

December 28th—Jane Addams, President of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

January 4th—Mrs. Geline MacDonald Bowman, President of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs.

January 11th—Josephine Schain, Chairman of the Peace Committee of the International Alliance of Suffrage and Equal Citizenship.

January 18th—Mrs. Arthur Brin, President of the National Council of Jewish Women.

January 25th—Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Honorary Chairman of the National Committee on the Cause and Cure of War.

February 1st—Mrs. Estelle M. Sternberger, Executive Director of World Peaceways.

February 8th—Mrs. Florence Brewer Boeckel, Education Director of the National Council for the Prevention of War.

February 15th—Mrs. Ella A. Boole, President of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

February 22nd—Mrs. Grace Morrison Poole, President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

March 1st—Lena Madesin Phillips, President of the International Federation of Business and Professional Women.

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXII JANUARY, 1935 No. 1

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Stories About Joseph Smith

Men and women who were acquainted in their early life with the Prophet Joseph Smith delighted in later years to tell their recollections of that remarkable man. Those who knew him in life are now gone, and with them, in many instances, their memories of him. Some striking incidents in his life, however, have been recorded in the writings of his friends. Now many of these writings are out of print and may never be reprinted.

To preserve in convenient form the interesting stories of the Prophet a collection of them has just been published in a little work of 192 pages, compiled by Edwin F. Parry.

The stories are from the recollections of the Prophet's intimate friends.

The book is from the press of the Deseret News, and is for sale at the Deseret Book Co., Salt Lake City. It is printed in large, clear type, handsomely bound in cloth and sold at $1.00, postpaid.

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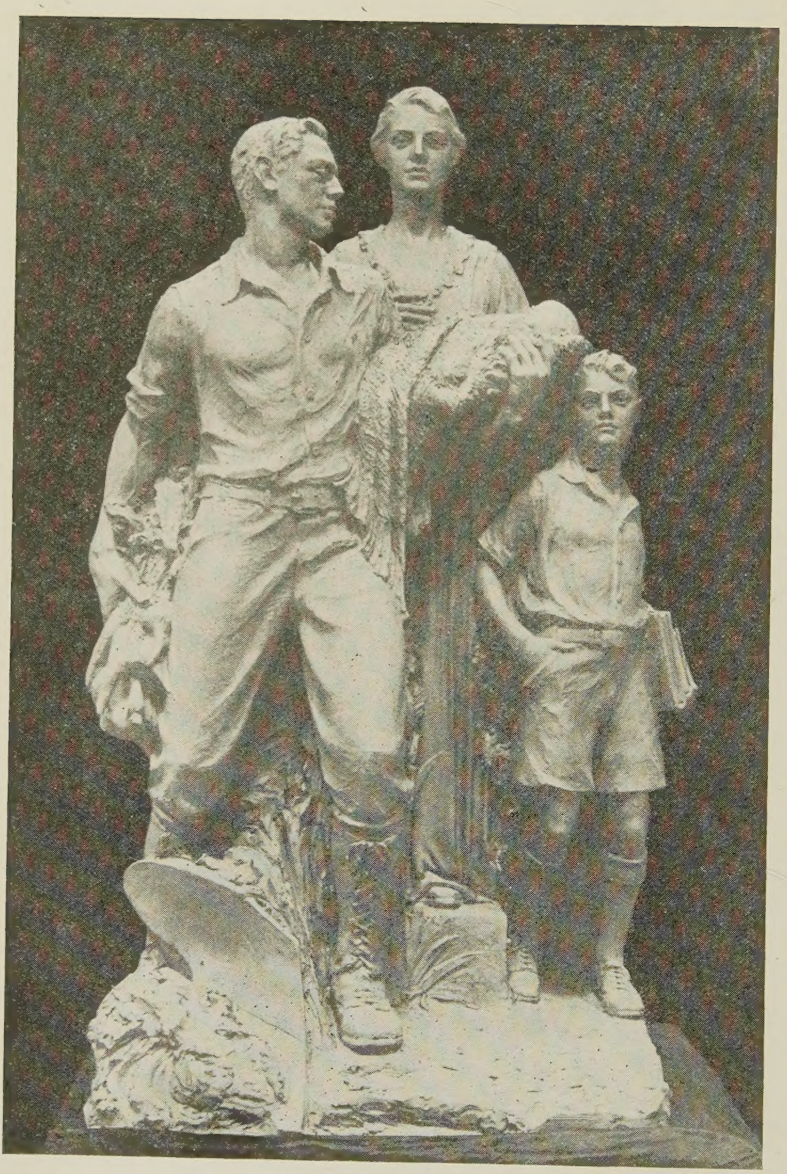
A New Year's Prayer

By Elsie E. Barrett

We are thankful dear Lord for the hope
That is precious in hearts weak or strong;
For that something that lifts souls above
Always helping us choose right from wrong.
May this year with its problems unknown—
With its mysteries ever ahead
Find us walking the wise narrow path
With assurance Thy shield is o'erspread.
May we realize long cherished dreams—
Hold Thy Spirit eternally bright;
May good fellowship ever abide
With a graciousness always contrite.
May our *rulers* be nobly inspired,
All Thy purposes roughly fulfilled;
In this year may humanity find
Light and *truth,* then submit to Thy Will
May the service we give worthy be,
May our reverence increase *Lord* for *Thee.*



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The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXII JANUARY, 1935 No. 1

Greeting

AT the beginning of another year we extend congratulations, greetings and good wishes to Relief Society Women throughout the world—to those in the Islands of the Pacific, in South Africa, in Asia Minor and in Europe, as well as to those in the Stakes and Wards in the United States, Canada and Mexico. With the gradual growth and development of our organization we now encircle the globe. We are appreciative of the unselfish and devoted service of the 1772 stake and ward presidencies and secretaries; of the stake and local social service aids who have assisted the stake and ward presidents in their comprehensive welfare program; of the efficient and effective work of the 6648 class leaders who have helped by their ability and diligence to raise and maintain our unusually high standards of class work; of the army of 23,322 visiting teachers who give so freely of their time and enegy; of the work of our magazine agents who have been one of the important factors in securing the largest subscription list ever reached by the organization; and finally of the loyalty and support of the members themselves who make such an organization and such efficiency possible.

We are also appreciative and mindful of the support of the general and local Priesthood who have given guidance and support to the women of the organization; and to the General Board members who meet weekly in executive session, and who so willingly travel throughout the organization to attend conferences and conventions.

To all of these we extend appreciation and our blessings with a hope that our organization will have even greater success during the year of 1935.

We wish for our multure of faithful workers, the hearing and answering of their prayers so that in their lives, in their homes, in their families, they may be blessed of the Lord with that personal success which their unselfish devotion to our great *cause* so much deserves.

Louise Y. Robison,
Amy Brown Lyman,
Julia A. Child,
General Presidency of the Relief Society.

Elder Alonzo A. Hinckley

By Willis E. Robison

FROM his childhood days, Elder Alonzo A. Hinckley, who was chosen at the October conference as an Apostle of our Lord Jesus Christ, has been very appreciative of those who taught him in Primary, Sunday Schools, Mutuals, and lesser Priesthood Quorums, and of the Bishops, and other good men who labored under the presidency of his father. He views them all as contributory factors that have led him along the chosen lines the Lord has selected and that have enabled him to harmonize his life with the Gospel, and the purity of its teachings. He regards his missions, and missionary companions, and associates as of intrinsic value to him.

Elder Alonzo A. Hinckley, the son of Ira Nathaniel, and Angeline Noble Hinckley, was born at Cove Creek Fort, Millard Co., Utah, April 23, 1870. This Fort was built of lava rock laid in lime mortar which made it a safe and durable structure. Its dimensions were about sixty feet square, with small dwelling rooms built within the walls on the North and South sides. Large heavy wooden gates gave entrance on the East, and West. It was built on the State Highway about midway between Fillmore and Beaver cities, some sixty miles apart. This was a lonely road through Indian territory in those pioneer days, and that was one reason President Young had it built. Under these environments did the new-born babe make his appearance. Might he not, therefore, with propriety be classed as a Utah Pioneer?

THE lad's childhood and youthful days were mostly spent in Fillmore, his father was called by President Young to preside over the Millard Stake of Zion. It was in Fillmore Apostle Hinckley received his first ordination in the Priesthood, that of deacon, and he was made President of his quorum. However, for about four years he lived away from his home, part of the time attending school in Provo under the wise tuition of Karl G. Maeser, and the balance of the time in the little mining camp of Frisco, Beaver County, where he clerked in a store for his brother-in-law, Lafayette Holbrook. There he may have gained the basic training in merchandise that led to his becoming the pioneer merchant in Hinckley at a later date. When he was about twenty-one years of age he taught school in Deseret, Utah, and worked for another brother-in-law, W. A. Ray, in his store during the summer. These experiences led to his gaining an understanding of human nature which caused him to write to a friend, "I appreciate having been a merchant and knowing the needs of the people and finding the honesty, the down right honesty, of many who struggle."

IN 1892 Apostle Hinckley married Miss Rose May Robison of Fillmore, and the young couple made their first home in Deseret where he assisted Joshua Greenwood, Superintendent of the Stake Sunday Schools in looking after interests of that institution, in the Stake. They moved to the town of Hinckley some five miles away, where they

APOSTLE ALONZO A. HINCKLEY AND HIS WIFE, ROSE ROBISON HINCKLEY

made their home for many years. While here he engaged in merchandising for himself, and organized the Hinckley Cooperative Store, which was successfully run until July 15, 1915, when it was destroyed by fire and not rebuilt. In the meantime he purchased an eighty acre farm and began buying and selling baled hay which he shipped to the mining camps in Nevada, where it found ready sale. He was

elected county collector for the years 1896-7, during this time he was ordained a Seventy, and was called by the Church to fill a mission to the Netherlands. He resigned his county position and filled the Church call, remaining there until 1900. In 1901 he was ordained a High Priest by Elder Rudger Clawson and set apart as Counselor to Bishop Wm. H. Pratt of the Hinckley Ward.

During his residence in Hinckley he was appointed Postmaster which position he filled for a number of years, and then resigned because he could no longer give it his personal attention.

PROMINENT in church and civil affairs in Millard County, he was chosen in 1902 and set apart as President of the Millard Stake of Zion, to succeed his father who was growing aged. In a few years there was a marvelous growth in the northern part of Millard County, occasioned by reservoiring the Sevier River some miles up the stream, and impounding its waters sufficiently to irrigate thousands of acres of land that was then unproductive, and where new towns were being built. It was decided to divide the Millard Stake, and create a new one on the northwestern part. This was done, and Apostle Hinckley was released from the Millard Stake, and set apart to preside over the new Deseret Stake, which retained the old towns of Oak City, Leamington, Lynndyl, Oasis, Deseret, Hinckley, and Abraham, and the newer towns of Delta, Sutherland, and Sugarville were included in the new stake. He presided until 1929 when he was honorably released after twenty-seven years as the chief religious leader in two stakes of Zion. In 1916 he represented Millard County in the State Legislature. There his ability as floor leader was widely recognized.

In 1930 Elder Hinckley was ordained a Patriarch by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith. In 1932 he was called to succeed President Joseph McMurrin as head of the California mission, with headquarters at Los Angeles, where he was laboring at the time he was called to the apostleship.

ELDER HINCKLEY counts his greatest blessings to have been well born, of parents who had implicit faith in the Gospel as revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith, who impressed that faith in the hearts of their children so it was made manifest in their lives. And then to have been well married, all of the successes that may have come to him he feels have centered around, and been fostered by these two important events. The needful training and induction into the Church, and the services therein rendered, among which was a recent short term mission in the Southern States under President Charles A. Callis, the instruction of true parents, and the proper encouragement along the lines of righteous effort by a noble wife have contributed to make his useful life one that will long be remembered. Doubtless his close associations with the pioneers who were struggling to develop the resources of a new country, and their frequent disappointments, and crop failures, may have contributed largely to the good and enduring traits in his character, for he has had to fight along lines that develop faith, courage, and brotherly kindness, and good will towards all men. In 1921 he was appointed State Commissioner of Agriculture by Governor Charles R. Mabey, and four years later when the political party changed, Governor Dern retained

him for some time before being able to fill his place, which incident was a tribute to his fair mindedness.

We must not underestimate the faith of his childhood, or his youth spent among its friends, for these are great and choice experiences that mellow the hearts and souls of men. There is another factor that has been of great value to Elder Hinckley and that is his association with legislators, State officials, judges, politicians, and lawmakers, for they have trained him along lines where he could better defend the innocent, and support the right with greater strength than he might otherwise have done.

PRESIDENT HINCKLEY has not been conspicuous along religious lines only, but in business and farming he has won many honors. While his pay rolls for help have not been large, they have been constant, and many of his less fortunate neighbors have had cause to rejoice because of the aid thus rendered by this employment. For many years while living in Hinckley he owned and operated two large farms that were well looked after, either on the share basis, or by hired help, and his large stacks of hay, or alfalfa seed, caused general comment by the passer-by. After his release from the presidency of the stake he moved to Salt Lake City, and purchased another farm, larger than either of the others, which he still retains. On the Salt Lake farm he is now conducting a dairy herd.

While fate sometimes seemed to rule against him, he was not easily discouraged, but waited the turn of the tide and the relief came, though sometimes in an unexpected manner.

APOSTLE HINCKLEY is pleasant in his manner, and genteel in his deportment, with a personality so winning that it has been said of him, "If you once shake hands with Lon Hinckley, you will want to meet him, and shake again." In discussing problems where a difference of opinion exists, he will listen attentively to the objections raised, and then in a pleasing voice and manner, will explain his views and when through if no conversion is made, there will be a real conviction that something has been learned which was not understood before, and all will part friends. Through long experiences in public affairs, and because of faithful service rendered, it could not be otherwise.

IN the multiplicity of his labors, Apostle Hinckley has ever regarded his good wife and their children as his greatest assets. This splendid woman, now far past life's meridian, has been the mother of fourteen children, twelve of whom have reached maturity, and can gather around her and call her blessed. The eldest son, Harold, filled a mission for the Church in New Zealand, and is now practicing medicine in California, having graduated from Utah University, and the Denver school of medicine. Rulon, the second son, is a graduate of the Brigham Young University, has filled a Church mission in Switzerland, and is now a seminary teacher in the Hinckley High School. The youngest son, Arza, is now a traveling Elder in the Northwestern states Mission. Of the daughters, Afton Badger, holds a Master's degree in domestic arts from the Brigham Young University. The other daughters have all received High School Diplomas. All of which bear a mute testimony of a generous father's perserving efforts and a loving mother's sincere devotion.

Christ and the Present Crisis

By Judge Nephi Jensen

ON a marrow chilling day in January, 1077, a tall blonde handsome man with the vigor of years, yet few beyond a score, clad in a white linen penitential shirt, was seen with bowed head trudging slowly, barefooted, in snow knee deep, toward a castle near the foot of the towering majestic Alps.

Within this warm comfortable castle resided temporarily Gregory VII, Pope of Rome. The pilgrim outside, in the thin, penitential shirt, in the wind-swirled snow was the emperor of Germany and Italy, the most powerful political monarch of that time. He had been excommunicated from the church; and his subjects had been released from allegiance to him by the edict of the supreme sovereign of the church. The emperor had left Germany and come to this forbidding place to make his confession to the Holy Father and seek absolution in order to avoid being humiliated in his own realm towards which the Pope was traveling.

The emperor knelt in the deep snow at the gate of the castle and plead humbly with the keeper for an audience with the Pope; but was denied entrance. A second day he came fasting and in deep humility to beg for permission to come into the august presence of Gregory VII, to make a confession of his sins. Again he was coldly turned from the gates. The third day he repeated the humiliating pilgrimage and failed to obtain entrance. The fourth day the gate screeched on its frozen hinges, and swung open to admit the dejected half-frozen pilgrim.

As he came into the presence of the little dark insignificant appearing Gregory, the tall handsome emperor fell on the floor and wept violently. And amid sobs he pleaded,

"Have pity upon me, spare me holy Father."

That hour the Church of Rome reached the zenith of its temporal power. That day witnessed the most heartless exemplification of ecclesiastical oppression in all the annals of time.

This supremacy of the church lasted for centuries. The curtailment of thought and its expression was the characteristic tyranny of this age. We of this day look back upon those cruel times with the comforting thought that we live in a much better age. But is our conclusion altogether well founded?

TO a large extent, the Reformation extirpated ecclesiastical despotism. But in the meantime a new type of oppression was developing. The feudal system gave rise to the political despot. The treatment of the English colonists in America, by the mother country furnishes a touching exemplification of the ruthlessness of this type of tyranny.

In the last quarter of the eighteenth century there was a narrow fringe of settlements along the Atlantic Coast from Florida to Maine. These settlers had come to these shores in quest of that priceless thing called liberty. They commenced to build homes, till the soil and reclaim a forbidding wilderness.

A modest prosperity commenced to smile upon their persistent industry and simple frugality. Then scheming politicians on the other side of the Atlantic commenced to look

upon the humble accumulations of these struggling exiles with greedy eyes. Their greed fathered the idea of replenishing the depleted coffers of the mother country from the meagre wealth these struggling colonists had wrung from their newly cultivated farms. One scheme after another for taxing these colonists were incubated in the British parliament.

At first the tax burdened colonists did not complain. Soon the load became intolerable. Their English sense of justice became outraged. They had been brought up on the political philosophy that no one should be taxed without having a voice in the legislative body that made the levies.

This intolerable injustice precipitated the American revolution. This revolution together with the French Revolution and other struggles, largely put an end to political despotism.

BUT in the meantime we witness the stirrings of a new development in human affairs. In 1767, the Spinning Jenney was invented. A little later came the power loom; and the manufacture of cloth by machinery became an accomplished fact. The machine age was now inaugurated.

The making of things by machines, instead of by hand, is the most distinctive phase of our modern civilization. Ours is a mechanistic age. The thousand new tools, machines and devices that science and inventive genius have given us in the last one hundred years have made it possible for one set of hands to do what it took a hundred hands to do a century ago.

This is one of the most tremendous facts in economic history. Before the advent of the machine age one blacksmith, for example, could make a wagon or a plow just as fast as another. As a consequence wagon makers, or makers of plows were on a par from an economic point of view. But this condition changed when wagons commenced to be made by machinery. Then the man who could buy the machines gained the economic ascendency over his neighbor who was without capital.

Machine production gave rise to capitalism. Capitalism gave rise to mass production. And mass production is the most marvelous fact in the history of the human struggle to escape drudgery and to obtain the conveniences and comforts of life that make for the highest physical human well being.

MASS production is the best contribution of capitalism to the welfare of mankind.

But mass production gave rise to mass distribution. Mass distribution made possible concentrated control of prices. Mass production is an infinite blessing. But mass distribution and resultant concentrated control of prices has become an instrumentality of oppression which may be more destructive of life and liberty than the ecclesiastical and political oppression of the past.

Under ecclesiastical despotism people were denied the right of freedom of thought and speech. People can live without thinking. Many of us do. They can survive without holding office or voting. But they cannot live without something to eat and drink and wear. It is these very absolute necessaries of life that concentrated control of distribution and price fixing has taken from the masses of humanity.

One raw day in the autumn of 1932, a hard working frugal farmer who resides in Salt Lake County hauled some wheat to the mill to have it ground into wholewheat flour.

When he unloaded his wheat at the back door of the mill it was worth thirty cents a bushel. When it had been crushed, by a process as simple as grinding coffee in a coffee mill, it was immediately worth one dollar a bushel, or three and a third times as much as the farmer got for raising it. About the same time this farmer's daughter, wearing overalls, put up milk for six cents a gallon which was sold by the milk trust to widows and orphans for ten cents a quart. At the same time beef for which the farmer received one cent a pound was being sold by the meat trust for eighteen to thirty cents a pound.

These types of prohibitive costs of getting things to eat and drink, from the basic producers to the ultimate consumers, inspired a genius with the cartoonist's crayon to dash off with unparalleled skill a picture of our present dislocated economic order. This cartoon appeared on the editorial page of the Deseret News, January 1, 1933.

In the background there is an immense group of towering sky-scrapers. Heaped up against this uplifted mass of steel and concrete is a limitless pile of food. In the foreground, and running around these marvels of modern architectural skill, is a wide spreading river. It is the river of "Obsolete Economics". Across the river and closer in the foreground, huddled together, are millions of shivering, starving human beings, looking wistfully at the inexhaustible supply of food which they cannot obtain. Near them stands old Father Time, grim of visage, with his scythe hung across his shoulders. At his left stands little "1933". He is not looking hopefully ahead. Shuddering fear he turns his head aside and covers his eyes with his hands.

You cannot blame little "1933" for turning his eyes from the grim picture ahead. The cartoon portrays accurately and graphically the distorted world in which we are living today. It is a world of mechanistic efficiency and technological expertness, harnessed to organize greed. Ours is a science-made civilization.

These three bits of history furnish graphic exemplification of the pathetic fact that no type of social structure has yet been devised by the ingenuity of man that can safeguard the weak against the aggression of the strong. The extirpation of ecclesiastical tyranny did not put an end to human oppression. The political autocrat followed in the wake of the priestly ruler; and the economic autocrat succeeded the political tyrant.

OUR present cruel inequality is almost intolerable. Millions of Americans walk the streets in rags, shiver in the cold, and open their unfed mouths and cry for bread in the presence of limitless stores of everything man needs to eat, drink and wear. It is no wonder that men and women of strong convictions and deep feelings are profoundly moved; and utter bitter complaints against the existing order. But it is most unfortunate that some of these well-meaning critics should entertain the thought that mere radical changes in our system of government and economic processes can give permanent relief.

If history teaches anything with unerring exactitude it is the stern solemn fact that no form of government, or economic order, or type of social control can curb human greed, suppress selfish rapacity and put an end to strife-engendering hate. Something more fundamental than a change in social mechanics is need-

ed to put an end to human suffering and misery. A complete change of attitude is the one thing that can save our tottering civilization.

HATE, lust and greed, the arch trinity of human despoilers, have enacted their fiendish roles under all forms of government and in every age of the world. A complete change of thought and aspiration is the only effectual cure for our devastating ills. The divine Master was the first great moralist to cut to the core of all human ills. "Make the tree good"; he cried, "repent and be converted" was the ringing keynote of all his moralizing.

There is more of saving efficacy for our hate-torn and greed-stricken world, in this homely keynote of the Master's message than in volumes of fine spun distinctions of right and wrong. All our perplexing problems would be solved in a few hours if everybody really believed what Jesus believed, that service is the only greatness, and helpfulness is the only nobility. When we repent of our pagan notions of worldly grandeur and become converted as Jesus was to the idea that a fine life is the finest of all things; and that the highest success consists of making other lives happy, we shall be well on the road towards an enduring civilization.

ONLY the gentle spirit of him who said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," can save our world. When his gracious spirit of helpfulness, service, and blessing becomes enshrined in every human heart; and the Savior's divine law becomes the settled rule of conduct of men and nations, good will and concord will take the place of strife; generosity will supplant greed; and loving service instead of inordinate conquest and aggression will become the controlling ideal of aspiring souls. Then warfare both international and industrial will cease. Intolerable burdens will be lifted from the backs of underpaid and underfed laborers. The usurer and extortionist will no longer sap the lifeblood from borrowers in dire distress. Gnawing hunger will never again cry for bread in the midst of rotting plenty. Well fed and comfortably clad children will know the joyous thrill of real play, and the gladsome meaning of the Christmas Spirit.

No political revolution nor disrupting change in economic process can sweep from the earth the cankering greed, distracting hate, and devastating lust, which is the deep-rooted cause of all our political, economic, social and moral ills. Science with all its vaunted mechanistic skill and technological expertness is utterly powerless to tame the fierce tiger in man. The philosopher with all his accumulated wisdom of uncounted ages is helpless in the presence of the stern problem of transforming selfish human nature from bad to good. There is no hope for the future of humanity in ruthless revolution, in a mere sudden re-distribution of wealth, in increased technological efficiency, nor in the development of a more accurate appraisal of moral values and definitions of right and wrong. Only a complete change of heart can salvage our civilization. Only a conscience-quickening sense of the reality of the God of justice and love can bring about this soul transformation. There is only One who has the power to bring this saving grace to our greed torn and hate distorted world. His coming into the world was fittingly heralded by the angel chorus, that sang on that night of nights.

"Peace on earth good will to man!"

A New Year's Resolution

By Elsie Rich Williams

PATRICIA DEAN intended to enter college when the fall term opened. She had never considered anything else. Her parents, of course, would have to pay the expenses, how?—well, that was their problem, and but a mere detail to Pat.

Pat, checking over her clothes, set some aside to remodel, and discared the rest.

Mrs. Dean gazed reflectively at her daughter. This slim, vital miss, so hungry for life, and with such an insatiable thirst for knowledge, was her baby daughter, her plump, cuddly baby of so few short years ago. Now she was eager for more fields to conquer, enthusiastic and confident of her powers, ruthless in her desires.

"Look, mother," said Pat, "only these three dresses are worth fixing. I'll need a new dark evening dress, either satin or a slinky velvet. I'd better get a new suit, an extra skirt and a twin sweater set, too."

Mrs. Dean sank dejectedly on the bed. Softly humming, Pat rhythmically tapped her slim feet on the hardwood floor. As Mrs. Dean made no reply, Pat faced her abruptly.

"Why the serious air, mom?"

"Pat, I know you'll be disappointed, but your father and I can't possibly send you to college this year."

The girl's eyes flashed indignantly. "Mother! After all I've planned! Why, everyone is going! What was the use of passing high school with a straight 'A' record, if I can't go to the 'U'? Let Viola stay home!"

Mrs. Dean shook her head sorrowfully. "Viola only needs another year to get her degree. She should have that chance."

"Yes, and sacrifice me!" Pat exploded.

"Why can't we both go? Dad has plenty of work and makes good money."

"Don't forget he has plenty of ways to spend it, too. There were the doctor bills from his broken hip, the expense of having Bruce home out of work for several months, our bank losses, and then my trip to California when Mary was sick. Your father isn't so vigorous as he was and it's too much to expect him to send two girls to college."

"You've sent all the others, why deprive me? You always said I was the most brilliant."

"You may have a fine mind, Pat, but your heart needs a little education, too. Sometimes a kind heart means more than all the brilliancy in the world."

"I don't care!" Pat tossed her head defiantly. "If you don't let me go—I'll run away—get married—to anyone who will marry me!"

"Oh, Pat, you wouldn't do that!" her mother begged. "It's only for this one year I'm asking you."

"Please, mom! You'll have to let me go this year! Promise, please!" Wailing, with a heart rending quiver in her voice, Pat flung herself on her bed, peering slyly at her mother to watch its effect.

Mrs. Dean sighed, "I'll try to persuade your father—."

"Hurrah, mom, you're a darling!" Pat threw her arms around her mother, kissed her exuberantly, and dashed to the door. "I'll be back soon, I want to see Ruth."

"But your room—?"

"I'll clean it later. 'Bye. And don't forget the velvet dress, will you, mom?"

"Pat, please, not any more now. Hurry back to help with dinner."

The girl immediately disappeared. Mrs. Dean wiped her glasses, then gathering the dresses from the floor, attempted to give the room some order.

RUTH LYONS was a round, little person, half a head shorter than Pat, and of a vague, undecided coloring. There was nothing undecided, however, about her reply to Pat's recital.

"That's just like parents, trying to deprive us of our rights! Last year several sororities were rushing Belle and me. Father said we had better forget such nonsense, that he couldn't afford to have us join. Ever since John brought his family home to live after losing his job, father has been crying 'wolf' continuously. We joined the Gammas, anyway. Imagine not belonging to a sorority!"

Pat laughed, "Viola refused several bids. She's so serious, she just wants to study."

A car honked furiously, and pulled over to the side of the quiet, poplar-shaded street. Recognizing some of their admirers, the two girls scrambled in. It was much later when they returned home, with barely enough time to bathe and dress for the dance.

AFTER the hustle and confusion of registration and enrollment for the fall quarter at the University were over, and as days passed into weeks, students gradually swung into the routine of trying to keep up with their lessons and assignments.

Pat won much admiration and many new friends around the campus. The evenings she usually spent gracing the ballroom at the Union Building or some fraternity or house party.

As she was exempt from English 1, she registered for a class of Appreciation of English Literature, without the necessary prerequisites. By taking a seat at the front of the room and appearing very fascinated in the professor and his lectures, she managed to retain a place and soon had him rating her as an "A" student.

RICHARD ELLIOTT, the dark haired, well dressed young man beside her, hoped that some time she would become less absorbed in the lesson and thus enable him to make her acquaintance.

When the closing period bell rang, as Pat arose, several papers fell from her notebook. Quickly, Dick recovered them. Pat thanked him. How handsome he was! As she replaced them, he noticed their contents.

"You certainly are ambitious to type all that play we're studying."

"No," Pat replied, ironically, "I couldn't find a second hand book, and as my parents are too stupid to allow me a miserly six dollars for a new textbook—what else could I do?"

"I see," Dick said slowly, "have you ever earned any money, Miss Dean?"

"Certainly not."

"Last summer I worked two whole days in a blazing sun for a mere six dollars."

"Oh!"

Dick wanted to shake her. "Your parents probably have to feed and clothe several other members in your family. Many people may go hun-

gry this winter for the lack of a measly six dollars."

Pat was furious. "I don't care to discuss the matter further. What affair is it of yours, anyway?"

"O—Only—." Dick could not finish. Perhaps he had been too hasty in his judgment. He really had been presumptuous.

"I'm sorry if I've offended you," he apologized, flushing, "I should like to share my book with you, in class. You could take it afterwards to prepare the assignment and then return it to me."

Then Pat flushed, "I'm sorry, too. Thank you. But I couldn't let you do that."

"Why not?" Her inconsistency was amazing. How could she demand so much from her parents, yet be so unwilling to be under obligations to others?"

"Let's make a bargain. I often have more assignments to type and turn in than I have time available. You do excellent typing. You help me with some of that typing in return for the use of the book."

Pat consented then.

They were frequently together after that. Dick was Senior Class President and belonged to both a large national engineering fraternity and a prominent social fraternity. His father was Dean of the English Department. Thus Dick was in great demand but he always made plans that included Pat.

He often tried to analyze why she intrigued him so much. Although she was highly intelligent and efficient, extremely attractive to her friends of both sexes, it was hard for Dick to reconcile these splendid attributes with her decided selfishness and carelessness toward her parents. If only her heart could be penetrated with some realization of their great responsibility!

ONE noon, near the Christmas holiday season, Ruth failed to meet Pat at luncheon. After classes, Pat hurried through the dreary cold to Ruth's home, filled with an ever increasing dread.

A tear swollen, grief stricken Ruth answered the door. Enjoining silence, she led Pat to her room, past her mother's tightly closed door. Then she fell on the bed, crying hysterically.

"Ruth! What has happened?" Pat choked with fright.

Ruth gasped, "It's father! He's —oh—oh—!"

"An acicdent? Was he hurt or killed? Oh Ruth, please tell me!"

"It's worse than that! Mother collapsed when she heard. The doctor is still with her. But poor dad, sitting in the rocking chair, with those vacant staring eyes and that awful resignation, talking to himself!"

"Whatever did he do?"

"His company found a shortage of several thousand dollars in his books and he confessed taking it, intending to replace it some time. Now it means prison for him, the finest, kindest man that lives!"

"At first I hated dad. Now I know we are all guilty, Belle, John and his wife, mother and I! We demanded everything, more than he had. He was desperate to meet our greed. We took no heed of his pleas, sacrified his ideals, his honor, his lifetime of striving, all he held sacred! For what? Money—money for clothes, shows, an education he couldn't afford, sororities, good times! A miserable exchange! We drove him too far. Oh, why couldn't we have realized before it was too late?"

Pat was stunned, "How sorry I am, Ruth!"

"I don't want your sympathy, Pat.

I don't deserve any." She pointed an accusing finger, "You're as bad as we are! Be thankful it wasn't your father. You've been just as selfish! Now go away! I can't bear the sight of another selfish person!"

Pat arose, dazed. "Can't I do anything to help?"

"No one can do anything now. It's too late, too late, I tell you!" Ruth's voice rose to a shrill scream, "Go away! I hate you, I despise you!"

PAT stumbled home, her mind whirling. She sat in her room, terror wracked, staring out at the large fluffy snowflakes and the blurry expanse of white covered lawns and garages.

Her mother called anxiously, "Pat! Why are you in the dark?"

"Mother," she sobbed, strangling with emotion, "please don't ask me any questions! Just leave me alone."

Pat was facing the greatest crisis of her life. Henry Lyons should have been firmer against his family's demands, resisting that ruinous impulse. How many of his critics, however, would have been able to stand against the combined forces of temptation and overwhelming despair? Despite any excuse, though, he had committed an ineradicable wrong. For the first time Pat remorsefully recalled the numerous occasions of her selfishness and thoughtless behavior toward her parents. She, too, had demanded everything. This tragedy might easily have happened to her own father. What could she have done, had she seen him, crushed and broken, dragged off to prison, knowing the responsibility had been hers? A resolution began forming in her heart that would rebuild her entire future relationship with her family.

Dick arrived. Pat, in her newly found courage and resolve, told the group of the Lyon's disaster. Dick, astonished at the change in Pat, listened thoughtfully.

"It must have hurt to have Ruth reject your friendship now, when they will need every friend they have. Perhaps you can help, anyway. Father is one of the largest stockholders in that company. If you told him that story, the same way you told it to us, he might be moved to use his influence with other stockholders. I'll take you to see him, immediately."

In her warm fur coat and snug little hat, Pat was soon pleading with Dean Elliott in her friend's behalf.

NEW YEAR'S DAY arrived, full of cheer and festivity. Dick was invited for dinner, which Pat helped to prepare. After the juicy, luscious turkey, the tasty dressing, steaming vegetables and delicious plum pudding had been consumed, the family gathered in the living room. Pat, feeling the moment propitious, addressed her parents.

"Dad and mother, may I tell you about the New Year's Resolution I have made? In the past, I've been so busy thinking about my own wants, I forgot how dear you both were, and how much I owe you. I have resolved that from this day I will do everything possible to honor and assist you and show my appreciation—." Her voice broke, then she continued, "First, I will not let you pay any more college expenses for me. With the beginning of the winter quarter I shall discontinue school. Maybe I can find some work and help out with the family expenses. Failing that, I can economize on my clothes, stay home, and share part of the work and responsibility."

Mrs. Dean enfolded Pat in her

arms. "We shall long remember this day for having opened your heart. But you won't need to sacrifice your school, we've managed thus far and—."

"No, mother," Pat's father interrupted, his deep eyes suspiciously wet, "Patricia has at last faced reality and knows that the individual's only true rights are those that are earned. It is but fair to leave the decision as she has made it. We thank you, Patricia."

THE afternoon darkened into evening. The others went out to make several calls, leaving Dick and Pat alone. Dick presented her with a lavishly decorated box, which she opened hesitantly. She discovered a leather bound copy of the literary gems they had studied together, that she had longed for.

"Thank you, Dick," she said humbly, thrilled to the core.

"Wait until you've heard my good news. Father has persuaded the company not to prosecute Mr. Lyons on condition that he repay them as soon as he can. Father was so impressed with you he told several professors about you. One of them is writing a book. When he learned of the fine typing you had done for me, he asked if you would do several hours work a day on his book. You would earn enough to pay your winter quarter's expenses, and your parents would not feel you had gone back on your word."

Pat was ecstatically happy. Dick drew her close.

"I always knew you would find your heart, Pat," he murmured. "It's so lovely, won't you share some of it with me?"

He unclasped a pin from his vest and fastened it upon her dress, his arm encircling her. She glanced lovingly down at the pearl-studded Greek letters, then wondrously up into his eyes.

Outside, the snow lay crisp and glistening, long pointed icicles hung from the eaves. Inside, the windows were decorated with their holiday wreaths. The twinkling, multi-colored Christmas tree lights and the flickering firelight cast a warm hospitable glow among the deepening shadows in the room.

Clouds

By Miranda Walton

The angels washed their clothes today,
And hung them out to dry
Upon a golden clothesline
Stretched across the sky.

One seraph filled her tub too full,—
Spilled water down the side;
All the fleecy soap suds
Scattered far and wide.

Eliza Roxey Snow

By Annie Wells Cannon

Saint, poet, priestess, prophetess!
Upon the altar of a faith supreme
You laid ambition's golden dream
A sacrifice for righteousness.

Nor felt the cost. Your recompense
The angel's call; you saw the light.
You followed in Truth's armor bright
Like Miriam to the wilderness.

'Twas yours to comfort and to bless.
In dignity and grace you stood
The epitome of womanhood,
Bestowing gifts of kindliness.

Through rugged paths in scarred distress
You found the vale serene, and sweet
Where pastures green rest tired feet,
And bathed your soul in holiness.

Drought

By Vesta P. Crawford

Awarded First Prize in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poetry Contest

Have you seen a billowed wheatfield die
And wither slowly with the heads still green
Until the curled leaves clatter in the wind
And all the unripe seeds in furrows lie?

Or the short grass all aquiver in the sun,
In waves along a hillside arid brown
Where some hot sickle from the burnished sky
Moves and mows the blades down one by one?

So it was this year with our homestead land;
No sound of water rippled from the rocks,
Or glimmered ever in the barren rows
Where stems long dead lay drifted by the sand.

I grew to be as withered as the field
And hollow like the dry and wrinkled fruit,
Beholding the desert that leered untamed
After its ancient way and gave no yield.

I should have been patient beyond all fear,
For now this Autumn day the clouds roll down
To lash my eager upturned face with storm,
And lo, the earth shall bloom another year!

* * * * * * *

Oh, long upon my soul the searing drought has lain,
But now I stand renewed before the miracle of rain.

VESTA P. CRAWFORD

Lesson Preview, 1934-1935

(Address delivered at the Relief Society Conference, October 3, 1934)

By Dr. Frederick J. Pack, University of Utah

I AM particularly well pleased with the opportunity of talking with you. It is a well known fact that many young men and young women who attend college find difficulty in making their religion and their scientific discoveries agree. I have been at the University for more than twenty-five years, and during that period something like ten thousand of your sons and daughters have passed through my hands. For some reason that I do not attempt to explain, large numbers of your children who encounter what they regard as incompatibility between science and religion, find their way to my office. Now I wish to say to you—you who are in a large measure responsible for the teaching of our young men and our young women—that the one outstanding factor that causes "Mormon" boys and girls to doubt their religion in connection with scientific training, is that they do not understand "Mormonism." I desire to make this point very clear.

As recently as a week ago a returned missionary came to me and wanted to know how it is possible to harmonize certain doctrines of "Mormonism" with those of science. Almost without exception I have found that troubles such as those experienced by this young man may be traced to erroneous teachings, received either at home or in the auxiliary organizations.

Every teacher of the Gospel should have a testimony of the truth of "Mormonism." Not all things, however, that are sometimes taught under the guise of "Mormonism" are true. My own mother—and I speak of her with the greatest of deference—was a convert from the Church of England. I am fully satisfied that she taught me a lot of the doctrines of the Episcopal Church thinking that they were "Mormonism," and until this day I have not rid myself of some of these erroneous ideas.

Sometimes teachers take too many things for granted, and accordingly teach them in a lazy sort of way as if they were true. There are many things in "Mormonism" that we know to be true, and there are many private interpretations that are not true, and which often have a disturbing effect upon the minds of young people. For example, it is widely taught by teachers in "Mormon" organizations that the earth was created some six thousand years ago in six days of twenty-four hours each. This notion dates from the period of the Reformation. The time-chronology which appears in many Bibles, and often accepted as authoritative, was adopted by the compilers of the King James translation without the consent or knowledge of the author. This particular chronology was devised by a Bishop of the Episcopal Church, and is no more a part of the Bible than the cover of the Bible.

MY appeal to you people is merely this, "Mormonism" is true. Do not contaminate it with a lot of private interpretations that will necessarily throw young men and young women into confusion. When once a doctrine is taught and accepted as

true, the individual comes to think of it as part of his religion. Then when he discovers that the doctrine is untrue, he is naturally led to believe that his religion is likewise untrue. A large percentage of young men and young women who have thought it necessary to separate themselves from the Church have done so because of erroneous conceptions which they thought were "Mormonism." I plead with you teachers, therefore, to teach the truths of "Mormonism," and to leave out of consideration private interpretations. "Mormonism" is true, and when properly understood it can be tested in the most intimate manner, always, of course, to its advantage.

YOUR work for the coming year deals with certain phases of the revelations that appear in the Doctrine and Covenants. If I were you I would not question the statements made in this book, for they are true. They come from the Lord; they are our safety and our guidance. For that reason Latter-day Saint teachers have an advantage over all other teachers in the world. You are teaching plain, simple, unadulterated truth, revealed directly from God.

As heretofore, you will have nine lessons for the year, one each month. The subjects of these nine lessons are as follows:

1. Christ's Coming and the Millennium.
2. Allegiance to the Church.
3. The Power of Prayer.
4. Jesus, Creator and Overseer of the Earth.
5. The Agency of Man.
6. Gems of Truth.
7. Gems of Truth.
8. The Kirtland Temple.
9. Zion's Camp.

Each of these lessons is full of material. The outstanding thing that we should have in mind in teaching the lessons on Christ's second coming is its literality, its reality. Many religious organizations accept the coming of Christ in doctrine, but fail to accept it in truth. Moreover, when you and I become sufficiently trained in interpreting the promptings of the Spirit, the signs of the coming of Christ will not be without meaning to us.

Most remarkable statements are made in the Doctrine and Covenants with respect to the conditions that will exist upon the earth during the time of Christ's Millennial reign. The earth will be changed and its waste places will be reclaimed. Incidentally let me assure you that scientific or other discovery will never disprove the truths revealed in the Doctrine and Covenants. At first thought it may appear largely theoretical that the mountains will disappear, that the valleys will be filled, and that the seas will be driven off until they occupy a single place, but permit me to say that, from a scientific point of view, this is not at all improbable. I urge you to have faith in the word of God.

I am impressed to stress the necessity of Latter-day Saints being loyal to the Church and its leaders. Our leaders are divinely called, and God has said that we should accept the word of our Prophet as if He Himself had spoken it. It is not the prerogative of Latter-day Saints to question the wisdom of the acts of our Church leaders; it is our duty to support them in all that they have for us. God has given us the frequent opportunity of raising our hands in support of their support, and when we accept them God expects that it will be whole-hearted. Let us remember that our present-day Prophet occupies the same position in the sight of God that Jos-

eph Smith, the first leader of the Church, occupied.

If I were you, in the lesson dealing with the power of prayer, I should teach it as though I meant it. I would teach prayer as a reality, but I would not expect the Lord to grant requests that are unreasonable. It has been argued by some unbelievers that prayer cannot be answered because natural law must take its course. This criticism, however, is without foundation. Let me illustrate: A few days ago I had occasion to be taken to a railroad station. I called the office of a downtown taxicab company. The clerk at the central office called a station close to my home, and in the course of a few minutes an automobile was at my door. Everything in the entire process was in conformity with natural law. Likewise, when God answers our prayers He may work in precisely the same way.

Please also bear in mind that an insincere petition to God will not be answered. The Lord has made the requirements of prayer extremely rigid. He has said, for example, that we must ask in faith, *without wavering*. I am willing to grant that this is a difficult prescription, but a half-hearted prayer, a prayer for something that is unwise, cannot be answered.

IN lesson number four, which has to do with "Jesus, the Creator and Overseer of the Earth," please attempt to discourage the thought that there are two sets of laws in the universe, one by which nature operates and one by which God operates. Let it be understood, once and for all, that there is only one set of laws in the universe, and these laws are God's laws. Do you remember the story told of the boy who accidentally slid down the roof of a house. As he neared the edge, going at full speed, he called upon Deity for help. But just as he was about to be plunged over the eaves, his trousers caught on a nail, and he said aloud: "Never mind, God, I have caught on a nail."

The Lord God is Omnipotent; He is in control of all law. Sometimes He answers our prayers in a way that can be easily understood, and sometimes in a way that is difficult to understand. There is no such thing as natural law set off against God's laws. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is the author of all law.

IN the two lessons dealing with Gems of Truth I have attempted to discuss a few things that are particularly characteristic of our people. I think there is no more beautiful passage in the Doctrine and Covenants than that so frequently quoted by President Grant, to the effect that every blessing which we receive is predicated upon the compliance with law. Teachers, do not fail to make it plain to your students that in order to receive a blessing at the hands of God, the law that governs that blessing must be complied with. You remember the widespread notion among certain sectarians that God distributes His blessings wheresoever He chooses, irrespective of merit. One of the solid foundations upon which our religion stands, likewise the strength of its people, is the fact that you and I must obey if we wish to obtain the blessing.

I HURRY on to the closing lesson, number nine, the one entitled "Zion's Camp." You will recall that the people in Missouri had suffered seriously at the hands of their enemies. When the word was sent to the Prophet his heart went out to the suffering saints. He received

a revelation from the Father to gather together a group of volunteers to go to the relief of the stricken people. Zion's Camp was the result. More than one hundred individuals marched five hundred miles, but before its apparent purpose had been completed the camp was disbanded, and the individuals were told that they might go home. There was much complaint and dissatisfaction, since it was felt by many that the purpose for which Zion's Camp had been created had failed. A little later, however, God told His Prophet to gather together those who went with Zion's Camp, and to select from their number the twelve apostles. He was told to likewise select from that number the first quorum of seventy. Little did the members of Zion's Camp know when they were trudging through the swamps of Illinois and Iowa that they were being tested for their endurance and strength of character. They saw only the possibility of material relief for their brethren and sisters who had suffered at the hands of mobs. The great purpose of God was thus obscured from their view and it was not until after the test had been made that His purpose was revealed. Teachers, carry that thought home to your people and give it local application.

I bear you my testimony that "Mormonism" is true, and I pray God to bless your efforts to teach it to others.

Photo by W. D. Green

PRIMROSES

His Father's Son

By Ivy Williams Stone

Chapter V

THE new cloth, a strong tough cotton, was called *khaki*. An officer named Roosevelt had introduced it for his "Rough Riders." His men did not suffer intolerable heat with woolen uniforms, and the drab color made the soldiers inconspicuous. Esther spread the bolt of cloth out on her bed, measuring and calculating the number of masks that could be fashioned from it. Quilt making was laid aside; the deft needle of Esther made fine smooth seams, and button-holed two small breathing holes in each mask. In addition she rose extra early each morning to serve Oliver a special breakfast which he ate alone before the rest of the family came to eat. The mask had to be removed and even Esther, after her loving service, left the room leaving Oliver alone with his affliction. He never deviated from this custom—always his meals were served to him alone.

"You ought to go out more Esther and get to care for someone else," he admonished. "You ought to marry soon."

"I'm waiting for you, Oliver," Esther would answer simply, her eyes welling with unshed tears. Then Oliver would squeeze her hand tenderly or kiss the little ringlets on the nape of her neck, where she might not catch even a glimpse of his disfigurement.

"Someday there will come a doctor who knows how to do that operation," he prophesied, "and I'll work and save against that day. It will cost a lot, but it will be worth it. Then we can be married. I'm going to plant tomatoes this year. We've got the right kind of soil to make them grow. Burbank says so, and they are a fancy thing and bring a big price in the city stores."

THE care free, unrestrained Kareen had entered the room in which the boy child was born. But a month later, when the doctor had permitted the nurse to leave, a woman emerged. A woman of determination, of will power, of one set purpose. Her husband had had the baby christened Richard Haven the III, in spite of her protests, but a name could not alter her intentions. The curling blonde hair, the deep blue eyes, the long tapering fingers, made him *her child*. She would train him; he would learn music, live music, breathe music! First it would be the piano, as far as Kareen could guide him, then it would be better teachers. Then the violin; then concerts, then study in Europe; then concert tours! Maybe, oh, beautiful dream, he might become a composer!

To this one end she reared, cared for and guided the child. The daily bath, even after he was long past baby days, seemed an effeminate gesture to Richard Haven; he argued a little dirt was good for a farmer's son. For her own music, Kareen seemed to have ceased to care. Only that the boy could practice—that he might have leisure! When Richard announced that a boy of six could bring up the cows at night, if he had a small, gentle pony, Kareen rushed out to perform this task, and ever after took the cows to pasture and brought them home at night. When Richard announced that a boy of

nine could ride the derrick horse for the haying, Kareen put on overalls, and straddled the horse before the eyes of the atsonished hay hands. She was water boy to the threshers; she learned to cook; her cakes became palatable and her pies not too tough. For an hour every morning and an hour every evening she stood beside the piano while the boy, with tiny hands that could hardly reach over four keys, learned the rhythm she felt. One-two-three-four—one-two-three-four," she chanted, while little Richard the third made answer falteringly. "That was the music your father marched to, when he went to war," she boasted, "and three-four time is more beautiful—like dance music."

And every night when she tucked him into bed she told a bed time story of some famous musician.

"Once upon a time a boy learned to make violins. Not the short, thick violins like those then in use, but a longer, thinner model, with a beautiful arch in the middle. And he had a secret method of preparing the varnish. He used a strange new varnish, colored an orange red. His violins vibrated more than any others made up to that time. He became very famous, and put his name inside five hundred forty violins. He gave each one a special name, and the one named "MESSIE" later sold for a *hundred thousand dollars!* His name was Antonio Stradivari! Someday you will own one of his wonderful violins!"

"Mr. Burbank made a potato that was so good people call it the mortgage lifter," answered the boy, "I'd rather have some of that potato seed!"

And again, nothing daunted, Kareen would tell another story. "Once there was a man who learned to play the piano better than anyone else in all this world! His name is Paderewski. He is still alive, and someday we will take you to hear him. He practices six hours every day."

"Father is going to raise some fancy horses," replied Richard Haven III. "He is going to send all the way to Kentucky to get them. They are racers or trotters, anyway they go awful fast. He's going to put them in the south pasture, which has tall, meadow hay and lots of running water. I'm going to have a colt."

I'M going to breed thoroughbreds, father," announced Richard the second, "There's money in those beautiful fellows. Don't see why Kentucky has to have the corner on them."

"I don't know that such a course would be wisdom, son," counseled father Haven. "This new horseless carriage that people made so much fun of at first, seems to be getting somewhere. If it is a success, it means the passing of the horse."

"Maybe so," admitted Richard Haven, "but there will always be people to buy beautiful horses for the love of them. Besides it won't cost much to keep them in the south meadow. And I'll build a special barn to keep them warm in winter!"

When the car of registered thoroughbreds arrived, all the men of the village came to see the beautiful, thin legged animals. They were so different from the heavy draft horses that drew the plows! The glossy coats, the fine manes, the nervous tension of the lithe bodies was a never ending source of joy to the villagers. The Havens were prospering indeed, when they could import such fine stock!

KAREEN was not satisfied with the boy's musical progress. Some

country boarders came across the street, and Kareen soon learned that the lady was a music teacher. Richard scoffed at the idea of spending money to teach a boy to play the piano, and refused to pay for such effeminate service. "But his fingers," pleaded Kareen, "do you not see that his fingers are not *Haven* fingers? that he will never be a farmer? That his hands are too delicate?"

"Richard Haven the III will be a farmer like his father and grandfather before him," replied Richard in maddening calm.

However the lady across the way gave the child lessons, and she was a faithful teacher. She taught the boy the technique which Kareen's unskilled fingers did not master, and Kareen gave the Haven family the inference that out of the kindness of her heart, the visitor was teaching the child for nothing. But Esther was aware of a sudden falling off in the daily supply of eggs, and the fresh cream jar had stains on it every morning as though cream had been dipped out!

"Franz Schubert was a wonderful musician," chanted Kareen as the boy laid in bed, "and had a terribly hard time in his youth. He died very young, and over thirty-five years after his death, people discovered the most wonderful music he had written! It is called the Unfinished Symphony in B Minor."

"Father has a book that says Mr. Burbank made over forty thousand slips of prunes before he got one that suited him," answered the boy. "It has no stone. He gave it a name, just like the violin maker gave to all his violins. It's called "Abundance."

THE next spring Richard sold one of the new born thoroughbred colts for a fancy price. "That's almost clear profit," he cried gleefully. "I'm certainly going to raise lots of those beauties. I'll give one to sonny, and teach him to ride. He's played that piano about long enough. He's almost a man now."

"O Richard," cried Kareen, all agitation and eagerness, "now that you have that money, won't you please, *please,* buy us a piano? One to have in our own home? I know that so much practicing worries Mother Haven, although she never complains."

"I'm going to buy a cemetery lot," replied Richard. "I am going to buy a nice marble tombstone; a triangle shaped one. With spaces for three names—yours, the boy's, and mine."

"Oh," cried Kareen, in despair, "What good is a cemetery lot? What does it matter what becomes of us after we are dead? It is now—while he is young, while he can be taught, that the boy must have a piano. His fingers, Richard! Have you noticed his fingers? They are tapering and thin and delicate. He can reach an octave now, but he could never handle those nervous, high-strung horses. I am afraid of them."

"I will not buy a piano," reiterated Richard. Poor Kareen always had to learn over again, each time, that the Havens were men of their word. "I have already picked out the cemetery lot. I have planted three little evergreen trees on it already."

THAT evening while Richard sauntered in prideful possession down to the pasture and the boy practiced in his grandmother's parlor, Kareen slipped out to the barns. She had timed her visit when she knew the three members of the older family were at supper. It never varied, always at the same hour. The lady from the city taught Rich-

ard to play, and in return Kareen furnished fresh eggs and thick, sweet cream. Kareen never permitted the thought of deception or theft to deter her. All was fair, so long as the boy learned to play! Richard Haven would soon be bringing the stallion up to the special stall for the night. She had to hurry. She hastened from nest to nest, taking an egg here, one there; then seeing the moving figures of a man and horse in the pasture lane, Kareen hurried out of the older barn through the new barn, leaving the bars unfastened. "No matter," she thought, "Richard will see them down and put them up."

Later Esther went out to turn the incubator, as was her custom every night. The eggs must be carefully turned, a task which she trusted to no one. Coming out of the coop into the corral, she was frightened by, and herself frightened, the thoroughbred stallion, that had broken his halter and was running wildly about the corral, the trailing end of the halter enraging him as he ran. Esther sensed the danger and, insensible to the risk she incurred for herself, crept after him, trying vainly to snatch the rope end. With a wild snort the horse turned suddenly, knocking Esther against the unplaned paling of the corral. For a brief moment Esther was blinded and faint from the pain in her right eye; a sharp jagged sliver protruded from her eyelid! A sliver had penetrated her eyeball!

Her screams soon brought Richard; Oliver had been eating his late supper alone in the kitchen. Richard Haven jumped into the corral, and angered by the sight of the injured Esther, sprang after the horse with no thought of safety or wisdom. The now thoroughly angered animal ran wildly about, rearing and snorting; and in a panic as uncontrolled as that of the man who tried to catch him, the beautiful stallion brought his thin sharp hoofs down upon the head of the man who had so loved him.

Skilled doctors were summoned; good neighbors rendered aid, but by morning all knew that Esther had permanently lost the sight of one eye, and that Richard Haven would have need of the cemetery lot which he had provided for his family. In the silence which precedes dawn one sharp, echoing shot rang out; Oliver Haven had used the trophy Mauser gun in a gesture of uncontrollable revenge. The beautiful stallion and the man who had so loved him were only memories on the Haven Farms.

(To be Continued)

Happy Mothers

By Marba C. Josephson

IF the old saying, "Man is a social animal" be true, how much more true it is for children who have not reached man's estate. Very seldom is a child content to play by himself or with grown-ups. Mothers help their children immeasurably, and they with the fathers remain the pivots for the children's world. However, children are children and adults are adults. Borrowing from Kipling we might say, "and never the twain shall meet;" and that is as it should be.

Friendships are the fragrance of life. Yet how few people have the ability to gather the perfume or to retain the blossom when once the friendships have begun to blossom. Mothers too frequently injure the delicate friendship plants when as a matter of fact they ought to nurture the helpful ones into a growth which by their very hardihood will crowd out the less desirable ones.

Not all children are alike, any more than all adults resemble one another. Some children develop traits and tendencies of which we as mothers disapprove. How often do we stop to realize that other mothers object to some of the habits of our own children? Even though there are marked differences between children, there are many similarities. Children respond alike and naturally to given stimuli. If Mary and John see a pretty flower, spontaneously they reach for it. We forgive Mary and John because they are our own. On the other hand we are quick to chastise our neighbor's Tom and Dick when they have responded in the same way.

MOTHERS need constantly to remind themselves that their children as well as their neighbor's children have faults and that they must cooperate in the neighborhood to bring out the best possible reaction in the whole group. Mothers need to encourage friendships so that the children will learn the good and bad traits to be emulated and avoided. It is a dangerous responsibility to tell children that they must not play with certain children. Of course, sometimes that very statement has to be made. Parents should determine in joint council and in all justice tempered by mercy when such a decision is reached. Then the children of the family should be talked to in all seriousness and asked whether they agree. Often the children will acquiesce without a protest and will accept the restriction with the remark that they believe the parents are right.

WHEN those rare persons are found who are congenial to both parents and children, the relationship should be maintained and fostered. Mother should welcome these desirables into the homes and invite them occasionally to take part in the little surprise affairs which they plan. On special occasions mother can easily bake a few more cookies and send them to the little neighbors. On Christmas, for instance, she could make cup cakes for the stands and Christmas trees which stand up in the center. She can make the design from stiff paper and cut around it in the cookie dough. The Christmas tree can be decorated with little balls, stars, and ropes of various colored frosting. (Be it mentioned here that the grown-ups enjoy these treats). On Easter, a cookie chicken with the friends'

names or initials written with the colored frosting proves a most interesting surprise. Thus throughout the year mother and children work to root firmly the friendships.

CHILDREN should early learn the true meaning of friendship: loyalty, forgiveness, helpfulness, truthfulness, happiness. Loyalty and truthfulness will have to be taught with much care. Children should learn that their responsibility to their friends is to help them to grow into respectable people. The children should be taught that when someone does wrong, the matter is of vital importance to the one doing the wrong and should be corrected. If the person is allowed to continue his wrong-doing, he usually begins to brag about it. As he grows older, he stays on the wrong path and steadily does worse things.

AMERICA has built a wrong attitude towards reporting those who break the laws. "Tattletales" is the uninviting epithet thrown at them. Children should be taught to go directly to the proper authority—in this case, their own parents—and give the information. Then they should learn not to repeat the information anywhere else. This safeguard would destroy a tendency which grows maliciously enough into what we call gossip. If mothers would imbue their youngsters with a thorough-going respect for the law and a sense of responsibility in seeing that the law is upheld, America probably would begin to get more policemen and judges who would enforce the law, rather than wink at it.

Forgiveness is a relatively easy thing for children to develop since their memory for injuries is short-lived. Witness how patient and long-suffering they are with parents. Mothers are the ones who need to curb their own tendencies and try to learn from the children. Mothers interfere too much in children's squabbles. Never would a mother think of taking sides in her own home when disputes arise. Her only desire is to re-establish just and equitable peace and good fellowship. She should realize that the same desire should impel her in her neighborhood relationships. There are right and wrong on both sides in the children's quarrels. So long as it isn't a matter of serious wrong the children should be left to work out the solution for themselves. Often by interfering in children's affairs, grown-ups are led into unpleasant relationships. Children fuss and make up within a few minutes' time. They forget quarrels and never harbor hard feelings. Older people, however, cannot forget so easily and they harbor grudges.

Children should learn how to play well with other children. The games of childhood foster friendship and at the same time teach the valuable lesson of sportsmanship. Learning to be a good member of the group is of equal importance with being a leader. Children in their games should take turn and turn about of being leader and follower. They must learn to take orders as well as to give them.

All too frequently, parents foist their own biased ideas on their children. Because mother reads into a neighbor's action an intended slight, she refuses to permit her children to enjoy a party or a hike which would be of tremendous joy and benefit to them. Because Dad is sensitive of some omission in courtesy on the part of a neighbor, he speaks before his children of his supposed injury and thereby harms

(*Turn to page 38*)

If You Do It Unto the Least of These

By Ida R. Alldredge

Stage setting—three comfortable chairs, a small table with gaily colored cloth; artificial flowers in vase on stand, etc.; arranged so that characters may be seen on back of stage when back curtain is raised during course of play.

Characters—Edith, Billy, Janet, Dorothy, and Theda.

Edith sits reading while two little children sit playing at her feet—

JANET (*looking up into her face*): Mother, is today Relief Society?

EDITH: Not today, Janet, why?

JANET: Oh, I wish it was. We have the most fun when we go. I wish they had it oftener. I just love that lady that takes care of us. She tells us the most pretty stories and we build houses in the sand, too.

BILLY: Say, Janet, wasn't that fun when she told us about the Indians? And didn't that little girl get scared when that big old Indian chief, all painted up, took hold of her hand and said, "Come, me big Indian chief. Be Papoose." I wouldn't have been afraid, no siree! But of course she was just a girl, and girls are fraidie cats. I wish I was an Indian. Wouldn't I have fun?

EDITH: I guess we all have fun at Relief Society, don't we, children? I get just about as anxious as you do for it to come. (*knock interrupts conversation*)

EDITH: Billy, you go and answer the door for mother, will you?

BILLY (*opening door*): Come in, Mrs. Dean and Mrs. Brown. (*mother rises to go and greet them*)

EDITH: Well, if it isn't Dorothy and Theda! I'm so glad you've come. Here, Dorothy, take this chair, and Theda, you sit there.

DOROTHY: Say, Edith, where do you keep yourself? We don't see you half as often as we used to. You didn't even come to the bridge party Tuesday afternoon. Gee! but we missed you. You've always been so keen for bridge. Were you sick?

EDITH (*laughing*): Oh, no, Dorothy, I wasn't sick, but you see it interferred with Relief Society meeting and I would have missed more by not attending that and in addition to the pleasure we get there is always something worth while.

THEDA: You mean to tell me that you missed Grace's party to go to Relief Society meeting? Can you beat that, Dorothy?

EDITH: Perhaps you don't understand just what we do at Relief Society meeting, girls.

DOROTHY: Perhaps not, Edith, but it's just for old grandmothers who come home and tell their grandchildren how to raise their babies on catnip tea, sugar plums, and so on. It certainly isn't for young modern mothers like you. What do you care about the making of quilts that nobody will use, the training of children grandmother's way and so on. There's time enough for those old fogie ideas when you can't do anything else.

(*Dorothy sees gaily colored cloth on stand*)

DOROTHY: Oh, isn't that beautiful! (*picks up corner of cloth and examines it*) That's something new. Where did you pick it up? And that vase! Isn't it artistic? I wish I had the taste you have.

EDITH: They are pretty, aren't they? That's what I learned to do at Relief Society. And that isn't half of it, (*goes into other room and*

gets quilt and holds up for inspection) How do you like this?

GIRLS (*in chorus*): Edith! where did you get that? It's gorgeous! Where did you get such an exquisite pattern?

EDITH (*laughing*): In the same place and from those same old fogies that you were telling us about, only they're not all grandmothers. Our art instructor is as young as I am and just as modern as either of you. You both remember Helen?

THEDA: Helen Summers? She was a wonder in high school and they say she specialized in college on the same subject and was going to make it her career until Jack came along and captured her. I'd like to study art from her.

EDITH: Then why don't you go with me?

DOROTHY: But, what would we do with our children?

EDITH: What did you do with them during the bridge party?

THEDA: We hired them taken care of, but we couldn't afford to do that for a meeting. I wonder if she would give private lessons?

EDITH: And pay for lessons you could just as well have free? Now listen, girls: The babies are taken care of by a lady who is wonderful with children. She needs the money as she has seven children of her own and she is the only one to support them. Her husband is dead so the bishop hires her, and two things are done at once. I'd trust any child with her. Mine love to go and can hardly wait for the day to come. We were just talking about it when you came in. They were wishing meeting came every day.

THEDA: How often do they have lessons like that, Edith?

EDITH: That comes once a month but the other lessons are equally as interesting. If you want me to tell you the names of some of the officers I will, and maybe you will be more interested. There's Mrs. Jensen, our president. You both remember her. She used to teach us when we were in the eighth grade in school. Don't you remember how we used to love to take flowers to her?

DOROTHY: I'll say I remember her! She was the best teacher we ever had. She could wrap me around her little finger and she enjoyed teaching us, too. She was only about eighteen then. I wonder if she is as attractive now as she was then.

EDITH: She surely is and makes a splendid leader. Then as pianist there is Jane Worth. Ruth Fields is the secretary and Velma Brown the chorister. You used to go to school with every one of them and you'd feel right at home. The first Tuesday (we) I say we because I am a visiting teacher—

THEDA: You a visiting teacher? Do you mean to tell me that you go around and pry into other peoples business by seeing if they keep the lint from under their beds, the dishes clean, and the children properly clothed; and if they are in good standing in the church? Do you find out whether Mr. and Mrs. so and so smoke, and why they don't pay their tithing? Why, Edith, I'm ashamed of you. (*they all laugh*) You don't need to come snooping around me or I'll turn the hose on you.

EDITH: You've got this visiting teaching all wrong. We don't go to find fault but just to carry a message of cheer. I love every person in my district. We keep in touch with them and let them know that they are not forgotten. We don't go and ask about family affairs but we carry a suggestion or two to them that will put them to thinking and maybe lift a little of their burden of care. (For instance) one of our subjects a while back was, "Blessed

are they that mourn for they shall be comforted." We don't preach but talk it over together. I get more benefit than anyone else. I've learned that I can't expect everything to be pleasant, or I wouldn't develop properly. I couldn't broaden. Sorrow makes us understand others who suffer and then one knows better how to help them. The greatest joy comes from overcoming difficulties. It is sorrow which builds up our faith if we take it in the right way. Sister Jorgensen is an inspiration to me. You know how sad her life has been. She lost her only daughter a few weeks ago, but when we knocked she met us with her usual smile. Now she has lost her husband and four of her grown children but she is the bravest old soul I ever saw in my life. I just dreaded to call on her, but felt it wouldn't do to pass her by and I am so glad that I didn't. She looks on the bright side and says: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away." That's faith for you, isn't it? I'd be ashamed if I complained after such an example as that.

But I forgot, I was telling you what we study. The first Tuesday is theology and testimony meeting. Last winter the Doctrine and Covenants was our guide. I am telling you what it was last year as this winter's lessons are a continuation of the same subject. There are one hundred and thirty-six revelations given for the guidance of the church. The first revelation contains the words of the angel Moroni, spoken to Joseph Smith on the night of September 1st, 1821.

(Back curtain rises to music "The Seer, The Seer," showing angel Moroni with uplifted hand and Joseph kneeling as if in prayer).

ANGEL MORONI: Behold, I will reveal unto you the priesthood by the hand of Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord. And He shall plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to the fathers and the hearts of the children shall turn to the fathers. If it were not so the whole earth would be wasted at His coming.

(Curtain falls).

EDITH: Later messages and commandments were given that tell us just how to live and what is to happen in the future. For instance there was a vision manifest to Joseph Smith the Seer, and Oliver Cowdery, in the Kirtland temple April 3rd, 1836.

(Curtain rises on Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery).

JOSEPH SMITH: After this vision closed another great and glorious vision burst upon us, for Elijah the prophet, who was taken to heaven without tasting death, stood before us and said, "Behold, the time has fully come which was spoken of by the mouth of Malachi, testifying that he, Elijah, should be sent before the great and dreadful day of the Lord to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children and the hearts of the children to the fathers, lest the whole earth be smitten with a curse. Therefore the keys of this dispensation are in your hands and this ye may know, that the great and dreadful day of the Lord is near even at the door.

(Curtain).

EDITH: There is one more that is given to the prophet which impresses me very much. It seems to me that one could not help believing every word of it. It thrills me and yet it makes me tremble to think of what is in the future for us.

(Curtain rises showing Joseph Smith).

JOSEPH SMITH: Abide ye in the liberty wherewith ye are made free.

Entangle not yourselves in sin, but let your hands be clean, until the Lord come. For not many days hence and the earth shall reel and tremble to and fro as a drunken man and the sun shall hide His face and shall refuse to give light. And the moon shall be bathed in blood, and the stars shall become exceeding angry and shall cast themselves down as a fig leaf falleth from a fig tree. And after your testimony cometh wrath and indignation upon the people. For after your testimony cometh the testimony of earthquakes that shall cause groanings in the midst of her and men shall fall upon the ground and not be able to stand.

And also cometh the testimony of thunderings and the voice of lightnings, and the voice of tempests, and the voice of the waves of the sea, heaving themselves beyond their bounds. And all things shall be in commotion and surely men's hearts shall fail them for fear shall come upon all people. An angel shall fly through the midst of heaven crying with a loud voice, sounding the trump of God, saying, "Prepare ye, Prepare ye, oh inhabitants of the earth for the judgments of our God is come. Behold and lo, the bridegroom cometh. Go ye out to meet Him."

And immediately there shall appear a great sign in heaven and all people shall see it together. And there shall another angel sound the trump. Then there shall be silence in heaven for the space of half an hour and immediately after shall the curtain of heaven be unfolded as a scroll is unfolded after it is rolled up and the face of the Lord shall be unveiled and the saints that are upon the earth that are alive shall be quickened and shall be caught up to meet Him. And they who have slept in their graves shall come forth, for their graves shall be opened, and they also shall be caught up to meet Him, in the midst of the pillar of heaven. And after this another trump shall sound, and another trump shall sound which is the fifth trump. And this shall be the sound of His trump, saying to all people, both in heaven and in the earth, and that are under the earth, for everyone shall hear it, and every knee shall bow and every tongue confess while they hear the sound of the trump saying, "Fear God and give glory to Him who sitteth upon the throne, for ever and ever, for the hour of his judgment is come.

(*Curtain slowly falls*).

DOROTHY: Say, that frightens me. Doesn't it you? I never think about those things but when you know of all that is happening now it seems to me that that time is not so very far off. I'd almost forgotten what the *Doctrine and Covenants* was. But come, Edith, what else do you study?

EDITH: Well, girls, that was last year's work. This year's theology takes up where last year's closes and the first lesson is Christ's coming and the Millennium. The exact time of His coming no man knoweth, not even the angels of heaven, but we are told of the signs to expect preceding His arrival. There shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars, and upon the earth distress of nations, and men's hearts shall fail them, for the powers of heaven shall shake them. Immediately prior to the coming of Christ, all things shall be in commotion and fear shall come upon the people. The time is at our very doors. All you have to do is to glance at the papers and see the terrible unrest and know that the hour is near at hand. And then following this lesson we are taught how to live in order to be prepared for the great and glorious day. One lesson is, "Allegiance to the

Church," and another "The Power of Prayer," and the concluding one is the law of tithing. If one ever needed to pray to keep free from temptation it is now, and the church needs loyal followers more than it ever did.

THEDA: It almost makes me feel creepy but just the same I believe it is true, every word of it. I wish I were better prepared to live in that day than I am. But come, Edith, what else have you for us?

EDITH: Literature comes next. We study books of fiction, history, poetry, etc. The general officers realize the value of good books and so they help suggest the proper ones to read. This is next in importance to the kind of company one keeps. One of the books of fiction for this year is "Silas Marner," written by George Eliott. Another is the "Scarlet Letter," by Hawthorne. Both books are literary gems, portraying characters true to life of that early day. Then we have the books of poetry and fiction. We all love to read them.

THEDA: Your pictures have been so vivid, Edith, that I think I'll go home and begin reading right now and fill my mind with something worth retaining. But go on with your story and excuse me for breaking into it.

EDITH: Well, there isn't much more, but I think the last lesson is just as wonderful and perhaps even more practical. It is called Social Service. This year we will become acquainted with some of the men and women who have been outstanding in their contributions to human welfare. Jesus Christ is the greatest teacher of the brotherhood of man, whole life and spirit inspired such men and women as Elizabeth Fry, Robert Owen, Octavia Hill, Jane Addams, Samuel G. Howe, Louis Pasteur, and Florence Nightingale in their great reform work.

That's all of the lesson work and I hope I haven't tired you. But there is one more phase of our work that I haven't touched upon. It isn't lesson work but last week the Welfare worker asked me to go with her to visit some of the people in our district who were sick. The first place we went to would have touched a heart of stone.

(*Curtain rises showing sick mother with children kneeling around bed in prayer*).

There knelt three children round their mother's bed praying for food. Imagine it in a land of plenty! We waited until they finished. As we stepped onto the porch they arose and the mother feebly answered our knock. We found them in destitute circumstances. And that noble little mother was teaching them to pray for food yet too proud to appeal to her neighbors.

An hour later we left her smiling and happy though her eyes were swimming in tears. And those little children were properly fed and clothed. No mother could recover while her children were crying for food.

We also called upon a young mother (*curtain rises showing young mother rocking babe and singing lullaby*) with her first baby. Our welfare worker told her just how to feed her baby and gave her other helpful instructions. She seemed very grateful for she was so young and inexperienced. You see it's a mission of love. But Relief Society isn't all work. We have our fun as well. Go with me next time to our work meeting and take your first lesson in art and after the lesson we are going to have a real up to date party. Mrs. Jones is going to bring a sample of her famous cake and Velma some homemade candy. They give the

written recipes to us too. Mrs. Taylor has charge of the entertainment and you know how full of fun she is. She'll wake you up all right and you'll forget all your worries for a little while at least.

THEDA: Come, Dorothy, let's be on our way. We'll have to make preparations to attend the party with Edith. I think I'll join Relief Society if it's like she says it is. How about you?

DOROTHY: It sounds almost too good to be true. Let's go and try it.

(*Curtain*)

(*Sing new Relief Society Song*)

The Old and the New

By C. J. Jensen

Good bye, Old Year!
You're old and sere;
  But what a Friend you've been!
Good cheer you've brought
And blessings wrought
  To friend and kith and kin,
Good bye, Old Year!

Hello, New Year!
You're welcome dear;
  We're loving you a lot.
Your smiling face
Our sorrows chase
  From act and deed and thought,
Hello, New Year!

I hope today
In every way
  To start a life's reform;
And only ask
For harder task,
  And strength to carry on,
Welcome, New Year!

I don't require
Nor yet desire
  Life's labors hard to shirk;
But strength and skill
With right good will
  To love and smile and work.
All hail, New Year!

So now, New Year,
As you are here,
  I'm thankful as can be;
The Old is past,
You've come at last
  Success to you and me;
Shake hands, New Year!

Bon Abu

By Sarah A. Farr

BON ABU was a descendant of Abraham by his wife Katurah, whom he married after the death of Sarah. He was an Arab and seemed possessed of the wanderlust, leaving all his tribal kindred, who were idol worshipers, he roamed the desert alone. He was not an idol worshiper but was seeking for some supreme being that he had failed to comprehend.

My story will begin as Fairy Tales do. Once upon a time, nineteen hundred and thirty-four years ago, Bon Abu sat in the door of his tent listening to the breeze, as it sang its evening vespers through the palm trees, and watching the shifting, drifting sands of the desert. As he gazed he saw the last glinting of the sun rays on the far distant hills. He said, "Such is my life, drifting as the restless sands and when the sun kisses the highest peaks and sinks to rest, so I, too, lie down to sleep and dream. When the sun rises again, and starts on its eternal round, I rise from my bed of sand and again am drifting, pitching my tent when the sun goes down, drifting, watching, waiting, for what? Alas! Who knows? Who can read the destiny of man when he knoweth it not himself. Like Abraham of old, the spark of faith has been handed down from generation to generation for hundreds of years and still lives and glows and burns in my heart. I am searching and never finding peace, nor rest, nor joy."

His camel, his only companion, standing near the tent, softly mooed. Bon Abu, answering said, "Lie down and rest and sleep, for the night is nigh and tomorrow cometh as all other days have come." To himself he said, "Will it go as all other days have gone? Yet will I put my trust in Abraham's God this night and trust and wait." He looked up into the blue vault above dotted with its bright twinkling stars, then entered his tent and closed it.

He arose from his slumber just as the coming of day smiled on departing night. Parting the door of his tent he stood with hands shading his eager, expectant eyes, as if striving to pierce farther and farther the dim purple distance of the eastern horizon, and as the sun sent its first greetings heavenward, the mist melted away, he stood transfixed, for lo, three tiny specks appeared and as they nearer and nearer came, it seemed as if the sun itself had fled from the heavens and was coming to greet him.

He recognized at last that they were camels clothed with all the glitter of gold and silver tinsel with which the wealthier class were wont to deck them. Their riders were men of noble mien and as they approached, Bon Abu, thinking they were kings from some foreign lands, bowed himself to the earth. Then rising, he said reverently, "Whom art thou? Whence cometh thou and whither dost thou go?" They answered, "We are men from the far east. We go to Jerusalem, for unto us is born a Savior. See, we are taking him gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh. Hast thou not seen his star in the east?" I have not seen His star, neither have I gold nor precious gifts, but all I have is His. I will follow thee." And he bowed himself to the earth once more and the men from the East passed on.

HASTILY he seized his water bottle and a small cake of unleavened bread, mounted his camel and quickly followed. As the mid-day drew near he bethought himself that neither he nor his camel had tasted food or drink since the evening of the day before. In his eager haste he had forgotten but his parched lips and the hunger cry of his camel reminded him that nature must be provided for. Dismounting he loosed his camel to browse upon the scant shrubs the desert provided and sat down to partake of his scanty meal. Before aught had passed his lips he saw a woman approaching and as she drew near unto him she cried out, "Master, give me food or I perish," and she fell to the earth before him. Bon Abu's heart melted with pity, he said, "Woman, arise and eat," and he gave her of his unleavened bread and a part of the water from the bottle he, in his haste, had forgotten to fill. Then said, "Woman, whom art thou and what bringeth thee hither." She said, "Master, I am a widow. I am going to my kindred. Yesternight my camel strayed and was lost. I am alone. Oh! Master, have pity and the blessings of the gods I worship shall be thine."

Bon Abu looked into the distance for the men from the East who were fast disappearing, then brought his camel, made it kneel, placed the woman upon it and said, "Go thy way in peace and may thy gods protect thee. I have none but Abraham's God and Him I knoweth not." She kissed his hand and a tear fell upon it and crystallized and sparkled in the sun light. The camel arose and was gone.

BON ABU looked at his hand and said, "The widow's tear, I will cherish it." He looked at his small piece of bread and the little water left in his bottle and said, "I must not eat nor drink for the hour may come when my needs will be greater than now." Being lithe of limb, he sped on and on till darkness came. Long, long before the men from the East had been lost to his vision, and the faintly discernible footprints of the camels were his only guide. Tired and weary he lay down to rest for the night between two sand dunes to protect him from the chilly night winds.

With the first morning rays he arose, stretched his tired and aching limbs. The ever shifting sands had obliterated the last foot prints of the camels but like Abraham of old, he resolutely turned his face eastward and went blindly on, his faith that he should find that which he sought still planted in his soul.

He ran with the fleetness of the camel, caring neither for food nor drink, with his eyes fixed on the far distant hills he pressed on and on and nearer and nearer the hills seemed to approach.

Noon day once more and once more he hears the cry for human aid. This time a child. "Master, master, come quickly for my mother hath fallen and dieth." Bon Abu hastened with the child to its mother, and found her lying unconscious with a cruel wound across her head. He carried her into her little mud house, laid her on the bed and tenderly bound up the wound with snow white linen the child brought him, moistened her lips with the few remaining drops of water from his bottle and slowly restored her to consciousness. She looked at him wonderingly and said, "Thou art a stranger, rest thee awhile, my son will soon return from the City of David with food and drink. I know thou art hungry and thirsty. See, thy bottle is empty and thou hast

no food. Tarry awhile until he cometh for we have neither bread nor water this day." The child murmured and Bon Abu bethought himself of his morsel of bread and gave it to her and she eagerly ate it. "Woman, I cannot tarry. I have neither tasted food nor drink these two days but I must away. How far is it to the City of David?" "If thou hasteneth thou canst reach it before the night cometh on. God be gracious unto thee as thou hast been merciful and kind unto me." Bon Abu replied, "Peace be unto thee." And as he turned to depart the child caught his hand and a tear drop fell upon it and crystallized but it did not sparkle for it was a pearl. He looked at his hand and said, "The orphan's tear, I will treasure it also."

Then he sped onward toward the City of David. As he drew near he saw the three men from the East approaching, and he cried out, "Oh! ye men of the East, didst thou see the Star again? And hast thou found the Savior whom ye seek?" They answered, "Yea, we have found Him and He sleepeth upon His mother's breast in yonder cave in a manger. Go find Him quickly for the night falleth and God be with thee." Bon Abu put new energy in his tired and trembling limbs and reached the gate, then fell exhausted. He felt a gentle touch and raised his head and lo! an angel stood beside him. The angel spoke, "Bon Abu, arise!" And he arose and stood beside him. Again the angel spoke, "What seeketh thou?" Bon Abu answered, "I seek my Savior whose star in the East proclaimed His birth." "And hast thou seen His star?" "No lord, I have not seen, yet I believe." And straightway the star shone over the place where the young child lay. The angel spoke once more, "The wise men from the East brought him gold and frankinecense and myrrh, hast thou aught to give?" "Nothing lord, but my soul and my service and the widow's and orphan's tears." And he placed his hand in his bosom and drew them forth. The angel looked and smiled and straightway a mist arose from his hand, heavenward, and the jewels were as naught. The angel said, "Bon Abu, thy faith and thy service hath redeemed thee, follow me." And he led him to the mouth of the cave and into the manger where the young babe lay. The child smiled and the glory of God shone around it. Bon Abu fell upon his face and cried aloud. "I have found that which I sought. I know now that my Redeemer liveth for I have seen His face, and beheld His glory, and rest and peace and joy are mine, and love, faith, charity and service I will freely give. He arose, left the cave and went out into the city to seek for food and shelter.

Happy Mothers

(*Concluded from page 29*)

the children, making them a party to the grown-up's bickerings.

In the world where the wise use of leisure is becoming a serious problem, mothers need to aid their youngsters in learning how to play fairly with any class of children who are honorable. If mothers will make the most of this opportunity to encourage their children in the wise selection and in the careful preservation of friendships, they will find that the next generation will be much nearer the ideal of world peace toward which all mothers are looking forward eagerly.

Keep Sakes for the Treasure Chest of Life

By Lella Marler Hoggan

"May you have joy enough to start
The New Year with a singing heart,
And granted hopes, and blessings true
To make joy last the whole year through."
—*Author unknown.*

FROM year to year you are stowing away keep-sakes in the treasure-chest of life. It is a magic chest for it grows with the years.

Are you choosing wisely what shall go into this precious receptacle? Why burden yourselves with a load of fears, and hates, and worries? You may as well select little priceless treasures, worth-while gifts, magic memories, that will brighten your peaceful hours when the shadows lengthen: lovely experiences and golden deeds, that will comfort you at the close of the day: spiritual blessings, that will fortify you against all fear, when you tread the sunny slope that leads into the valley of happy rewards.

You do not want to be forever looking backward with regret and longing on the things you meant to achieve. When you reach the end of the sun-lit trail and prepare to evaluate the contents of your chest you do not want to find a clutter of broken promises, unfinished tasks, shattered plans, and lost dreams.

If you would avoid these disappointments, then do not embark on the journey of life in a haphazard manner, without charting your time or effort, or knowing to what port you are bound.

As you come to the afternoon of life, you will find fewer tasks and greater leisure, shorter experiences and longer memories. Will those memories be sweet and wholesome? Will they bring peace and comfort to your heart?

There are memories sweet,
And memories sad,
Memories tender,
And memories glad.
All stowed away for a distant day
When the shadows lengthen along
life's way.

As Joseph of old, garnered during the years of plenty for the lean years that were to follow: so may you in the fulness of life, gather treasures for the autumnal days that will come after.

The bee does not find his honey potted and waiting for him. He

has to collect it drop by drop, from a thousand flowers.

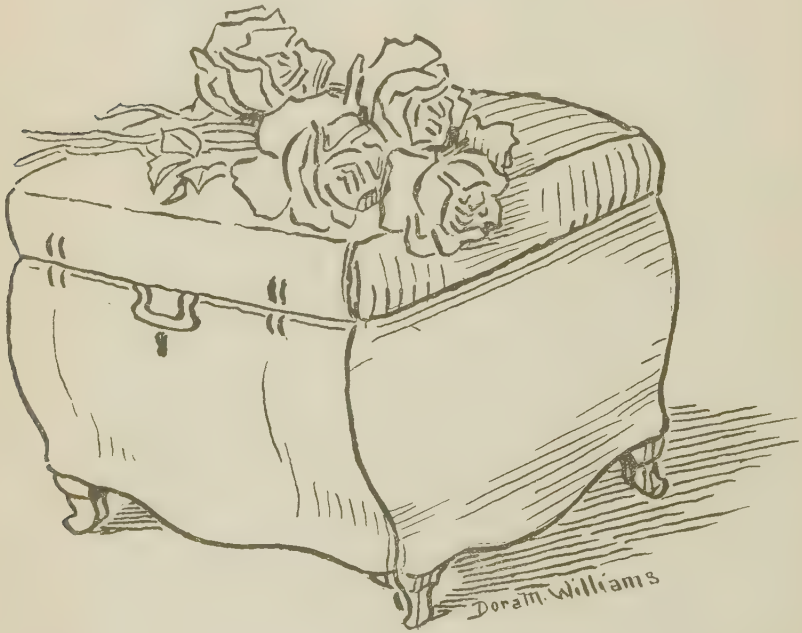
You, too, may search out the fragrant sweetness of life and take it into your possession. Not to be hidden away in a dark attic to gather dust and cob-webs; but to be guarded in the treasure-chest of life, and to be daily used and enlarged and glorified. And make sure that your precious store is secured from all intrusion by the sacred key of prayer.

Anna R. Brown in her delightful little book, "What Is Worth While," says, "With time we may purchase every lovely thing life has. God can do great things with our lives if we but give them to him in sincerity. He can make them useful, uplifting, heroic."

Choose wisely, then, and well, the store that is to be put by for the twilight of life.

What will render unto you the richest values? What will bring you the most permanent satisfactions?

Your little chests are waiting
For the coming happy year,
To be packed with priceless treasure.
Let only glad sweet memories,
And deeds of golden worth,
Fill up the precious measure.



Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

EVEN the after glow on Alpine hills is no lovelier than a winter day warmed by friendly greetings and kindly deeds.

MARINA, Duchess of Kent, unconsciously rendered great service to the world. She lightened the shadows, when the details of her royal marriage replaced the gloomy "front page stuff" of crime, disaster, and depression.

MARIE of Rumania wrote Marina "not merely an English prince but Troy itself would have fallen for your beauty." It would seem not only Troy, but all the world has done that.

GRACE MOORE, operatic star and cinema favorite has three homes where she divides her time according to the seasons. In each one she is equally busy. Hollywood in the spring, Cannes, France, in the summer and New York in the winter. From a choir singer in Jellicoe, Tenn., to the Metropolitan Opera in New York indicates hard work and persistent effort.

ALICE LIDDELL HARGRAVES, the original Alice of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" died this winter at the age of 82. Her reflected greatness gave her much attention and many honors.

ALICE SHANNON MONROE has recently published another charming book "Walk With Me, Lad." The book in the essay theme contains 17 essays of inspiring and homely philosophy.

ELEANOR HOLGATE LATTIMORE has written a delightful book "Turkestan Reunion" in which she details her adventures on a strange journey, part of which was a wedding trip, from Peking to India. She was the first white woman to make this trip overland.

MRS. GEORGE H. DERN was much admired in her costume of Utah pioneer days, which she wore at Mrs. Roosevelt's masque ball at the White House. The blue silk gown was the "party dress" of the late Mary Van Cott Young, beautiful wife of President Brigham Young, and was loaned to Mrs. Dern by Mrs. Fanny Young Clayton, youngest daughter of President Young.

QUEENA MARIO, the first singer to broadcast from the Metropolitan Opera House does not confine her talents to music, she is also a successful newspaper correspondent and novelist.

CARMELA PONSELLE, sister of the popular Rosa, makes her bow as a star this season at the Metropolitan.

ANNA TURKEL, this winter made her debut as Santuzza in Cavalleria Rusticana with the Chicago Grand Opera Company. She was a protege of Antonio Scotti. She paid for music lessons by selling candy at matinees.

KATHERINE LENROOT'S appointment as head of the Children's Bureau was a pleasing recognition of her capability and experience in that line of work.

FRANCES PERKINS, Grace Abbott and Josephine Roche are appointed on the advisory council of the National Council of Economic Security. Unemployment insurance and old age pensions are listed on the program for study.

SMARTLY dressed women have again taken to black stockings for evening wear. They should be very fine and sheer.

Notes from the Field

Lyman Stake:

THE accompanying picture is taken of the Superior Ward Relief Society, Lyman Stake. This little ward is on the border of the Western States Mission, and has a membership of only 160 people, but from this there is an average of more than 20 women at each Relief Society meeting. The members are intensely interested in the work of the Relief Society, and find great encouragement and inspiration in the excellent educational program which is offered through the columns of the *Relief Society Magazine*.

SUPERIOR WARD RELIEF SOCIETY, LYMAN STAKE

Ensign Stake:

THERE have been so many excellent reports come in of the activities of the Magazine Agents in all our stakes and wards that it would take many issues of the Magazine to give all the fine suggestions which have been offered. The following comes from the Ensign Stake, and This begins with the roll call to which each preson responds with a sentiment taken from the Magazine. The ward representatives give their reports listing new subscribers, renewals, etc., and present problems relating to solicitation as may have arisen. Once during the season each representative is given time to present something from the Magazine —poems, stories, home-making hints, etc.,—that has specially appealed to her. Time is allotted for discussion of points that have furnished spiritual uplift and help outside of the fine lesson work outlined. Many suggestions are offered for the Magazine campaign—little banks or containers wherein the members may put away small amounts until the

we think it offers many excellent constructive suggestions: "The Magazine representatives of the wards in Ensign Stake meet regularly at the monthly union meeting. Under the direction of Sister Rose Neeley, the stake representative, regular class work is conducted.

subscription fee is secured, dividing wards into districts for house-to-house visiting, etc. Each ward, however, is permitted to carry out the plan which seems best suited to its condition.

Tahitian Mission:
Space for Picture

THE following delightful report comes from Sister Murial R. Mallory, President of the Tahitian Mission Relief Society: "I read with deep interest the 'Notes from the Field,' and thought the sisters in other parts of the world may be interested in what we are doing in far off Tahiti. I say 'far off' because I believe this has the distinction of being the most isolated mission in the world. We only have one mail boat a month to our main island, which is Tahiti. On account of the strikes both in America and Australia, we had no regular service from April 24 until July 19. There is no regular service on the other islands, which number some fifty or more, and are scattered from twenty-five to seven and eight hundred miles apart. Travel between these islands is done on small trading schooners. We have sixteen branches each with a Relief Society organization presided over by a native presidency. These sisters are very diligent and strive to do the work to the best of their ability. It is impossible to carry on the work just as outlined in the Magazine, as the people here have had very little chance for education, the older members and a good share of the younger ones as well, never having been to school. There are French schools now on Tahiti and some few of the other islands, and the people are glad of the chance to send their children. There is very little literature printed in the native language, as what there is is printed by the different churches. Our work is outlined under the direction of the Mission President to meet our particular needs. I recently accompanied my husband on a tour of the Lower Tuamotu Islands, the trip was made on a small ship, which

RELIEF SOCIETY AT TAKAROA

lacked most of the comforts of modern-day travel. We visited eight islands and were very pleased to find the work going ahead so well. When we arrived at Takaroa, one of our largest branches, we found the people had prepared a big 'Tamaaraa', or native feast, and celebration in our honor, which was participated in by every member on the Island regardless of religious creed. We spent five weeks there, and were the only white people on the island. It would be impossible, in this short article, to tell of the acts of kindness shown us. There is no food at all raised on these low coral islands, except cocoanuts, and rain caught in barrels furnishes the water supply. Despite the lack of luxuries we enjoyed ourselves very much. The sisters there seemed very much interested in their work and all are striving diligently to live the Gospel as they understand it."

Timpanogos Stake:

THE following interesting report comes from the Timpanogos Stake. The sixth anniversary of the organization of the stake came on Sunday, July 15, 1934. At this time the stake had 735 L. D. S. families, and the Relief Society membership was 345. On Tuesday, July 17, a most extensive and beautiful exhibition of work done by the women of the Relief Society of this stake was held in the Second Ward Chapel at Pleasant Grove. It represented the work of the past two years, and was held in connection with an anniversary meeting. The work leaders of the stake cooperated with the officers and gathered material for the exhibition. More than one thousand articles were collected. These represented almost every kind of handwork done by the sisters. The entire basement of the Church was used, but even this did not give space enough to show fully all the articles. There were any number of beautiful quilts, bed-spreads, rugs, fine needlework, articles of clothing that had been remodeled, dyed or cleaned, the "self-help" clothing for small children, a complete layette for baby, etc. This phase of the work was certainly a credit to any organization. There was also a nutrition department where charts of foods were displayed. Distinct from the needlework was the art department where things of purely an ornamental nature formed an interesting part. One room contained work done by women past 70 years of age. It has been the aim of this stake to make things that will be of use, and made at as little expense as possible. Back of the movement has been the beautification of the homes and pleasure to the members in developing new ideas, and cultivating the social hour where women of kindred ideals may meet and discuss their problems. In the meeting which was held at one o'clock, there were representatives from the General Presidency and General Board of Relief Society. The program consisted of talks from the visiting sisters and members of the original stake (Alpine). Fine music was a feature of the meeting, after which delicious refreshments were served to more than four hundred people.

German-Austrian Mission:

ANOTHER indication of the wide extent of appeal that the women of the world find in Relief Society, is in evidence in the following which comes from the German-Austrian Mission. Sister Elizabeth H. Welker sent us the delightful picture of the Singing Mothers of Stettin, Germany, with the following brief account of what is going on in that Mission: "We held conferences in more than half of our Mission, while

SINGING MOTHERS OF STETTEN, GERMANY

the Relief Society sisters are not meeting in these conferences, but will hold their meetings in the Spring, still they have furnished the singing for the afternoon sessions. I have been delighted with the groups of Singing Mothers in this Mission. They memorize the words of all their songs and their singing is much above the average chorus group. The German people all understand and love good music, and the Singing Mothers are no exception. I am sure you would be pleased to hear them and would be proud of them, too. They compare very favorably with any group I have heard at home, though, of course, the number in any chorus is not so great. We suggested to them that they work on a Relief Society Song, one that might be used for the Mission at any rate. They seemed pleased with the idea, and said: 'We would like a song of our own.' I hope they will be able to develop something real good.

Reports on Magazine Drive

In making their reports, most of the Stake Magazine agents are delighted with the efficient way in which the Magazine Campaign has been carried on.

The use of the penny boxes has been very extensive and most Stakes feel that it has helped them very materially in getting large subscription lists. A house to house campaign has been very general, socials have been given, and the Magazine play used extensively.

Blackfoot Stake reports that one of their wards bought magazines and sold them to the Sisters for ten cents each. Two Wards held socials and with the profits paid half of the subscription price of each Magazine taken.

Pacheco, in Juarez Stake, heads their list with 105% subscriptions.

Fanny Gilbert is the Magazine agent.

In Nebo Stake President Harding presented the Genoa Ward with a jar containing two hundred pennies in appreciation for their success in the Magazine Drive. Birdseye Branch orgnaized in November with only thirteen members reports fourteen subscriptions.

President Hazel B. Tingey of the Australian Mission sent in thirty-nine subscriptions for various parts of her Mission, a larger list than they have ever sent in before.

Malta Ward of Raft River Stake has 42 members and 43 subscriptions.

The Moapa Stake reports that at each meeting in October a short talk was given or article read calling attention to the Magazine, and each ward was asked to put on one public program including something on the Magazine and to make a canvass among non-subscribers.

Sister Mattie Vogel, agent in the 17th Ward of Mt. Ogden Stake, has done some outstanding work. She increased the membership of her ward very materially through her visits and then got subscriptions from every member, securing ninety-one. She has interested some who have been inactive for years.

The Second Ward of Brigham City, Box Elder Stake, with 77 members, has sent in 85 subscriptions.

Elsie S. Miller, agent for 4th Ward, Provo, Utah Stake, with an enrollment of 111 secured 112 subscriptions, so anxious was she to have every woman have the magazine that she took $7 worth of fruit and vegetables from those who could not pay cash.

WARDS 100% OR OVER

Ward	*Stake*	*Enrollment*	*No. Sub.*	*Percent*	*Name of Agent*
Birdseye	Nebo	13	14	107	Rachel Spencer
Genola	Nebo	43	43	100	
Ibapah	Nevada	5	7	140	
Littlefield	Moapa			100	
Malta	Raft River	42	43	102	
Montello	Nevada	11	13	119	
Pacheco	Juarez	19	20	105	Fanny Gilbert
Preston	Nevada	10	13	130	
Rose	Blackfoot	28	28	100	Clara Leebenow
West Bountiful	South Davis	50	50	100	Etta F .Telford
2nd Ward	Box Elder	77	85	110	
Manavu	Utah	96	107	111	Ina Johnson
Provo 4th	Utah	111	112	101	Elsie Miller

WARDS 75% OR UP TO 100%

Ward	*Stake*	*Enrollment*	*No. Sub.*	*Percent*	*Name of Agent*
Alton	Kanab	32	25	76	Viola C. Roundy
Bancroft	Idaho			85	
Boulder City	Moapa			75	
Emigration	Liberty	85	67	78	Ida Von Nordeck
Hiko	Moapa			75	
Hurricane	Zion Park	51	40	78	Martha Hastings
LeGrande	Liberty	132	106	80	Christina V. Wilson
Logandale	Moapa			75	
McGill	Nevada	58	46	79	
Springfield	Blackfoot	22	20	91	Minnie Thurston
Sterling	Blackfoot	16	14	88	Bell Partridge
Yale	Liberty	130	97	75	Chloe M. Jacob
1st Ward	Liberty	112	88	78	Helen Evans
31st Ward	Liberty	92	74	80	Elsie Jack
Provo 2nd	Utah	136	106	78	Cloe Thatcher
Provo 6th	Utah	106	83	78	Zina Seamount

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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VOL. XXII JANUARY, 1935 No. 1

EDITORIAL

Our Wish For You

MAY 1935 bring to all of our readers blessings unnumbered. May peace abound in their hearts and homes. May their spirituality increase and may they seize and profit by the many opportunities offered for intellectual growth. May they merit the continued blessings of our Father.

Good News for Older Women

WE have heard so oft repeated that this is the age of young people, that old people have no chance, etc., that it is refreshing to learn from the findings of a survey conducted under grants from the Carnegie Corporation of New York and the Daniel and Florence Guggenheim Foundation that women over forty have weathered the economic depression better than their younger sisters.

This announcement is based on answers from 1,350 members of the American Woman's Association that were made in reply to a questionnaire sent to them. The survey covers a five-year period from 1929 to 1934. The women who made replies worked with their heads rather than with their hands. The survey reports "women over forty made more, lost fewer jobs and remained more stable during the de- The salaries of women over forty averaged about $600.00 a year more than those of younger ones. Fifteen per cent of those under forty experienced unemployment during the five-year period, while only nine per cent of those over forty lost their jobs. The older women kept jobs more consistently, eighty per cent of them making only one change of position during the surveyed time, while only half the younger women held to that record.

The part of the survey conducted in 1931 shows that women whose average age was fifty years have the top salaries, $6,000 to $10,000 and over. The report draws these deductions: "the better condition of the older women can be attributed partly to the tradition of responsibility for older employees and partly to the fact that the machine is not replacing mental workers in business and the professions in the same way it is toilers who work chiefly with their hands, but most of all this advantage is due to the plain and simple fact that where the work must be done with the head, the experience, sound judgment, steadiness and reliability of the mature workers are of even greater serviceability to the employer than the pep and go, the enthusiasm, energy and enterprise of the new recruits."

Why Not Give Training for Courtship and Marriage?

ANY reader of the daily papers is appalled at the number of divorces. Various reasons are advanced for the instability of marriage at the present time, but so far there seems to be no return to the old conditions where it was the exception for divorce to take place.

The University of Washington (Washington) is considering placing in its curricula a course in marriage, its purpose being to instruct men students how to avoid unhappy unions. Dr. Hayner, Associate Professor of Sociology in this institution, says two-thirds of the marriages of the university's graduates are successful and the suggested course in problems of courtship, engagements, the wedding, adjustments in personalities, child training, divorce and the problems of the unmarried should tend to make more of them successful.

The course will be open only to senior men. It will foster frank discussion of marriage problems. Dr. Hayner says similar courses are offered at the University of North Carolina and at the Universities of Wisconsin and Michigan. Dr. Jesse F. Steiner, head of the Sociology Department, said the suggested course is much needed in our modern cultural world.

It seems a strange thing that universities have not for many years past had courses that would train young men and women for proper courtship and marriage. The information that could be imparted in such classes we think would lessen to some extent at least the number of unfortunate marriages that lead to the divorce court.

Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Poem Contest

EACH succeeding year there seems an increased interest in this poem contest. This year 96 poems were submitted, many of them of outstanding merit. It was not an easy task to select from this number two for first and second prize, respectively and three for honorable mention.

The General Board of the Relief Society, who sponsor this memorial are most grateful to all who entered the contest. There must be an inward satisfaction in the thought one has created anything as beautiful as a poem even though the prize is not won.

It is to be regretted that some poems could not be considered owing to the fact that the authors did not conform to the rules of the contest which are published each year in the August Relief Society magazine.

The judges this year were Dr. Joshua H. Paul, former professor at the Utah University, Mrs. Maud B. Jacobs, instructor in literature, and Mrs. Inez Knight Allen of the General Board of the Relief Society.

The first prize was awarded to Vesta P. Crawford of Salt Lake City, for her poem "Drought." The second prize to Alberta Huish Christensen of Long Island, N. Y., for her poem "To The Lean Years." For honorable mention, "My Missingness," by Mrs. Henry Raile, Salt Lake City. "Ruins," by Mrs. Mary D. Martineau of Tucson, Arizona and "Sanctuary," by Mrs. Rachel Grant Taylor of Salt Lake City.

Readers of the Magazine are sure to enjoy these excellent poems and we congratulate the successful authors.

Annie Wells Cannon,
Julia A. F. Lund,
Rosannah C. Irvine,
Lottie Paul Baxter,
Mary C. Kimball,
Poem Contest Committee.

Three New Stakes

WE are glad to learn of the organization of two more Stakes in California, Gridley and Sacramento. Ruth B. Sampson is President of the Gridley Stake Relief Society and Olive Lindblad Stake Relief Society President of Sacramento.

We rejoice also that the New York Stake, making the 110th Stake in the Church, was organized Sunday, December 11th. We have not yet received the name of their Relief Society President.

We wish these Stakes every success and much joy in their work.

Index for Magazine

IT is a very desirable thing to have the Relief Society Magazines bound. The price of binding is: cloth $1.50, leather $2.00. We furnish the index free of charge but do not pay the postage. Those who desire to bind the Magazines themselves may secure an index by sending 2c for postage.

Lesson Department

(First Week in March)

Theology and Testimony

LESSON VI

Gems of Truth

1. *Introductory.* This lesson, also the next, deals with gems of truth selected from the Doctrine and Covenants. Each selection is an epitomized statement of some distinctive phase of Latter-day Saint theology, and therefore lends itself to far more extensive treatment than is given herewith. Sufficient suggestions, however, are given in each case to enable the teacher to develop the topics as fully as time will permit.

2. *Language of Modern Scriptures.* In his introduction to the Doctrine and Covenants, the Lord says: "These commandments are of me, and were given unto my servants in their weakness, *after the manner of their language, that they might come to understanding.*" (*D. and C.* 1:24). The Lord then goes on to say that his commandments were given in this form that they who sin may be chastened, that they who repent may receive light, that they who are humble may be made strong, and that the Church may be brought out of obscurity and darkness for the salvation of the human race. Indeed, "I the Lord am willing to make these things known unto all flesh; for I am no respecter of persons, and will that all men shall know that the day speedily cometh * * * when peace shall be taken from the earth. * * * Search these commandments, for they are true and faithful, and the prophecies and promises which are in them shall all be fulfilled." (*D. and C.* 1:34-37.)

3. The Lord's testimony is plain and easily understood. He has so worded the commandments that men cannot fail to understand them, since he is not only willing but anxious that all men should come unto him. The clarity of modern scriptures and the readiness with which they can be understood, even by the layman, form a bold contrast with the abstruseness attached to the Bible by some of the more populous Christian sects.

4. *Endless and Eternal Punishment.* "For, behold, the mystery of godliness, how great is it! For, behold, I am endless, and the punishment which is given from my hand is endless punishment, for Endless is my name. Wherefore — *Eternal punishment is God's punishment. Endless punishment is God's punishment.*" (*D. and C.* 19:10-12.) This simple statement settles for all time a dispute that has rent the Christian world for ages, namely: Will certain transgressors be punished for their sins throughout all future time, without cessation and without end? The affirmative answer to this question—sponsored by numerous Christian professors—has made of Deity a monster devoid of even the fundamental elements of pity and forgiveness. Moreover it has deprived Christianity of the support of untold numbers of men and women who otherwise would have been its valiant adherents. Now, it is known that God's punishment, if endured even for an instant, is both Endless and Eternal.

5. *Importance of Prophetic Utterances.* Speaking of Joseph Smith as prophet and leader of the Latter-day Saints, the Lord says: "Wherefore, meaning the Church, thou shalt give heed unto all his words and commandments which he shall give unto you as he receiveth them, walking in all holiness before me; *For his word ye shall receive, as if from mine own mouth, in all patience and faith.*" (*D. and C.* 21:4, 5.)

6. The foregoing declaration leaves no doubt of the binding importance of the words of Joseph Smith and his successors upon the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, for when the Prophet speaks in the name of God it carries the same importance as if Deity himself had spoken. Latter-day Saints who understand this, never question the significance or propriety of the Prophet's utterances. On the other hand, those who fail to do so are not in full accord with the rule and teachings of the Church.

7. *Authoritative Baptisms.* Shortly after the Church was organized certain individuals who had previously been baptized into other faiths, desired to unite with the Church without re-baptism. The following statement was given of the Lord in answer to this request: "Behold, I say unto you that all old covenants have I caused to be done away in this thing; for this is a new and everlasting covenant, even that which was from the beginning. *Wherefore, although a man should be baptized an hundred times it availeth him nothing.*" (*D. and C.* 22:1, 2.) The Latter-day Saints, therefore, are not able to accept ordinances performed by other Christian denominations. On the other hand, we can unite with them in the furtherance of all worthwhile endeavors. God himself has said, however, that all ordinances of the Church must be performed in the manner prescribed by him and by individuals vested with proper authority to do so. The world would profit almost immeasurably by understanding and embracing this basic truth.

8. *Teachers, Attention:* Having reference to those who are teachers within the Church, the Lord says: "The Spirit shall be given unto you by the prayer of faith; *and if ye receive not the Spirit ye shall not teach.*" (*D. and C.* 42:14.) The Doctrine and Covenants is replete with statements instructing teachers to familiarize themselves not only with the doctrines of the Church but with all other worthwhile things. (See *D. and C.* 26:1; 55:4; 88:118). It is evident from the foregoing quotation that diligent preparation should be accompanied by an appeal to the Lord for his Spirit. Moreover, if this is not granted the teacher should not attempt to teach. The reasons for this are apparent:— Conversions to the Gospel of Jesus Christ are not made alone by facts and arguments, but by the Spirit of God. The following is a safe rule for every teacher: "Treasure up in your minds continually the words of life, and it shall be given you in the very hour that portion that shall be meted out unto every man." (*D. and C.* 84:85.)

9. *Idleness Disapproved.* Industry has ever characterized the teachings of the Latter-day Saints. Here is the word of the Lord: "Thou shalt not be idle; for he that is idle shall not eat the bread nor wear the garments of the laborer." Again, "Let every man be diligent in all things. And the idler shall not have place in the church, except he repent and mend his ways." (See *D. and C.* 42:42; 75:29.) Idleness is undesir-

able in many respects, but perhaps more particularly because of the injury and disintegration that it brings to those who indulge in it. Enforced idleness—such as that which is widespread at present among practically all civilized peoples—is quite another matter. And yet even in this case injury is likely to come to the persistent receiver if he is not required to put forth compensating effort. President Brigham Young recognized the insidious effects of idleness and accordingly kept his people busy at all times. If this had not been done his efforts to colonize the Intermountain West would have failed.

10. *If a Brother or Sister Offend.* Offenses are likely to arise. If they are encouraged and harbored, they become a canker to the soul, eating away its finer parts and leaving scarcely a semblance of its former beauty. Anger and hatred are as deadly to spiritual development as poison is to the body. Little wonder, then, that the Lord has said: "Ye ought to forgive one another; for he that forgiveth not his brother his trespasses standeth condemned before the Lord; *for there remaineth in him the greater sin.* I, the Lord, will forgive whom I will forgive, but of you it is required to forgive all men. And ye ought to say in your hearts—*Let God judge between me and thee, and reward thee according to thy deeds.*" (*D. and C.* 64:9-11.) The duty of the Latter-day Saints in this regard is thus perfectly clear.

11. *Obedience to Civil Law.* The Latter-day Saints are a peaceable law abiding people. One of their Articles of Faith reads, "We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law." Concerning these matters the Lord says: "Let no man break the laws of the land, for he that keepeth the laws of God hath no need to break the laws of the land. Wherefore, *be subject to the powers that be,* until he reigns whose right it is to reign, and subdues all enemies under his feet." (*D. and C.* 58:21, 22). Thus, in all nations of the world the Latter-day Saints are loyal both by precept and deed to the governments under which they live. They are not participants in uprisings and riots; nor do they take part in mobocracy or other forms of perfidious conduct. They believe in law and order, and are loyal both to law and to the officials entrusted with its administration.

12. *The Sabbath Day.* Touching this matter, the commandment of the Lord to ancient Israel reads: "Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the *seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God*: in it thou shalt not do any work * * * for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the *seventh* day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day and hallowed it." (Exodus 20:9-11.)

13. Of recent years much discussion has arisen concerning the identity of the seventh or sabbath day. It is generally agreed that at present Sunday is the first day, and Saturday, the seventh. For this reason, and others, certain religious sects, particularly the Jews and the Seventh Day Adventists, prefer to worship the Lord on Saturday. Since the time of the Savior, however, it has been necessary on several occasions to readjust the calendar because of earlier lack of knowledge of the precise number of days in a year. This has resulted in some uncertainty as to the exact identity of the original *seventh* day. Because of this, and because of the express

statement that "the *seventh* day is the sabbath of the Lord," agreement does not exist among Christian people as to whether or not they are fulfilling the commandment of the Lord.

14. For themselves, however, the Latter-day Saints, do not share in this uncertainty. Listen to the word of the Lord to Joseph Smith: "But remember that on this, *the Lord's day* (Sunday), thou shalt offer thine oblations and thy sacraments unto the Most High, confessing thy sins unto thy brethren, and before the Lord." (Read *D. and C.* 59:9-14.)

15. Whether Sunday—the Lord's Day—is identical with the original seventh day of old is thus of little importance to the Latter-day Saints.

Suggestions for Discussion and Review

1. Discuss the advantages to the Latter-day Saints of having the revelations written in language easily understood by them.

2. In what way has the doctrine of everlasting damnation injured the cause of Christianity?

3. Emphasize the importance of strict obedience to the counsel of the President of the Church.

4. Why is it necessary that teachers of the Gospel possess the Spirit of God? Give illustrations.

5. Cite illustration to show that the harboring of ill feelings is injurious to those who do so.

6. Why is idleness especially destructive of Latter-day Saint ideals? What is its effect upon progression?

Teachers' Topic

St. Valentine's Day

"All the world loves a lover."

VALENTINE DAY, February fourteenth, has long been observed as a lover's festival. While not a serious holiday, many pretty customs and old superstitions are associated with its observance.

Like many other customs that have originated far back in folk and village life, the valentine, with its lacy designs, with cupids and hearts galore, still holds the attention of youth for a message of love.

The most accepted theory of the origin of the day is, that it was a Roman custom to celebrate the feasts of Lupercalia in the middle of February. A custom of this festival was for maiden's names to be placed in a box and men to draw them out, the man to choose the maiden whose name he drew. In order to change the pagan elements of these feasts, the Christian pastors changed the maiden's names for saints, and named the day in honor of St. Valentine, who was martyred February 14, 270 A. D.

Another theory is that the Norman word "galantin," which means a lover, was often spelled "valatin."

Both Chaucer and Shakespeare refer to the observance of the festival on the day in early spring, when birds first choose their mates.

In England the custom long prevailed on that day of drawing lots to decide which young men and young women should be each other's valentines during the coming year. The couples thus drawn exchanged gifts and might be regarded as betrothed.

The custom of sending written valentines in verse and anonymous was begun about the 15th century.

To Charles, Duke of Orleans, who

was taken prisoner at the Battle of Agincourt in 1415 and held for twenty-five years in the Tower of London, is attributed the credit of writing the first valentines. About sixty of these missives are now in the British Museum.

In modern times the day is still observed more especially among the youth, by sending tokens of love or a small gift, and is remembered occasionally by older people who are especially fond of each other. The custom of sending the comic valentine, which at one time prevailed, has died out, or if there are those who persist in carrying out this idea, the Relief Society women should do what they can to discourage a habit so pernicious and unseemly.

Literature

(For Third Week in March)

LIFE AND LITERATURE

Modern Biography

"Many the things that strange and wondrous are,
None stranger and more wonderful than man."
—*Sophocles.*

LIFE is man's great adventure. In the conquest of his world he becomes a hero. In the Book of Literature is recorded the heroic experiences of mankind.

Age-old is the worship of human achievements. As exploration, discovery, dominion, and invention have marked the path of man's progress through the ages, hero-worship has recorded the lives of the heroes in story, or song, or marble. As songs and stories are forgotten and as marble and monuments crumble man's heroism is not lost, it goes on in the experience of the race as a contribution to man's eternal destiny—happiness.

Biography, The Art of Life Writing

Biography is one of the oldest types of literature. Two thousand years ago Plutarch wrote his famous "Lives". From then until recent years only a few biographical works of excellence have found a place among the enduring works of literature. Today biography is one of the most popular forms of expression. It has become the art of life-writing.

The age-old interest in human achievement makes all men in all ages hero-worshipers. To this attitude in ancient peoples we owe the preservation of such individual lives, legendary or realities, as Joseph of Egypt, Prometheus, Job, Ruth, Socrates, Ulysses, Siegfried, and Arthur of Britain. The first great biographer—still considered by many to be the best—wrote as an explanation to his work "Lives", "My design is not to write histories but lives." Thus the real objective of biography becomes not merely a history of a life but a portrait of an individual. Dryden, the English Literary scholar, in 1685 gave to the life-story of an individual the title "Biography," and to the literary form the definition, "the history of particular men's lives." Thus the tradition of greatness became a standard for the selection of the materials of biography and history became the pattern of

writing. As a result many biographies are merely chronological records and records of achievement. Lives of rulers, statesmen, military leaders, poets, and artists became the biographical vogue. Later biography accepted the dictum expressed by Longfellow:

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

Goodness as a quality directed biography to become eulogistic. Concerned with being monumental and inspirational writers stripped their subjects of human weaknesses making them heroic rather than human. Sainte Beuve (sant buv), the French critic, in his work "Eighteenth Century Portraits" brought a new conception to this literary form, that of a literary portrait. The French school of writers developed the idea so effectively that modern biography has accepted as its task "the truthful transmission of personality"—the portrait of the soul of man.

Biography as a portrait sets down more than facts, achievement, and eulogy; it records the "why" of a life. This new art of life-writing is the most delicate and most human of all branches of modern literature because its basis is human life and human nature.

The story of biography as a literary form includes the growth of a variety of self-expression—autobiography, memoirs, confessions, journals, diaries, and letters. The various forms of self-writing are motivated by a sense of individuality. To the "Recollections" of Xenephon and the "Dialogues" of Plato we are indebted for our understanding of the great Greek philosopher, Socrates. The famous Roman general Julius Cæsar left a valuable record of his military career in his "Commentaries." Marcus Aurelius, the Latin philosopher recorded his intellectual and moral interests in his "Meditations." The confession is the most interesting form of autobiography. The tendency to extol, to monumentize, to forget, to rationalize are all evident as the author lays bare his inner life. "The Confessions of St. Augustine" written 397 A. D. was a definite influence towards subjectivity in self-expression. The world famous autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini (chel le ne) written early in the fifteenth century is a revealing picture of the Italian sculptor as libertine, braggart, and saint. The "Confessions"" of Rousseau (roos so) the French moralist, startled the eighteenth century with a frankness that bordered upon indelicacy. Of the minor forms of autobiography, the journal is usually a straight-forward record of events, while the letter is an initmate personal affair. The letter is the more revealing of the two forms, the life of George Eliot so ably constructed from her letters by her husband J. W. Cross, and the romance of the Brownings recorded in their letters mark the literary peak of the simplest form of self-writing. The diary is the unpretensious and sincere autobiographical form written generally for individual pleasure. This was the case with the world renowned Pepys' Diary (peps or pepys). Whatever the form self-writing takes the fact remains "that there is neither picture nor image of marble, nor sumptuous sepulchre can match the durableness of an eloquent biography."

Modern Biography

In recent years biographers have endeavored to portray realities, not mere puppets stalking across a stage.

Hence the modern life-writer must be a student of human character as well as a chronicler; neither does he judge or criticize, he reveals and he exposes, but always walks behind his characters. The realistic movement in fiction coupled with the demand of the reader for "real life," has given rise to the modern imaginative and impressionistic pattern. The modern biographer courageously gathers all the outward facts that can be obtained, these he tries to use to reveal accurately the hidden springs of character that motivated the life of his subject. He must at all times be objective and truthful—he must reveal not invent, never forgetting his obligation to his subject and to his art. It is to be regretted, however, that many of the new biographers have elected to over-emphasize the defects of their subjects rather than to truthfully reveal their lives. Amy Lowell, the author of the "Life of Keats," explains herself thus, "My object has been to make the reader feel as though he were living with Keats, subject to the same influences that surrounded him, watching the advent of poems as from day to day they sprang into being." To the reader who has sought to understand the enigma of Edgar Allen Poe, the life work "Israfel" by Harvey Allen is most enlightening because "the shadows of the portrait are not left out nor are they too distorted." To read of Jane Carlyle, wife of the great historian from Froude's life we see a sensitive woman, unhappy and misunderstood, but to read Miss Drew's life of Jane Carlyle one sees an impatient garrulous woman the victim of self-pity, the wife of a patient and devoted husband. The explanation is simple, Froude loved Jane Carlyle; Miss Drew admired Thomas Carlyle. Few subjects have been as fortunate as Dr. Johnson to have a Boswell for a biographer, to associate with him during life and create the portrait from day to day out of conversations, moods, and actions. That it is the ideal way is true, but all biographers are not Boswells, and all subjects are not Samuel Johnsons. As the years go by, however, we are assured that the interest in human life will not wane, that the admiration of human courage will not cease, and that the understanding of human conflicts will not diminish, because biography will help to keep alive the torch of the spirit in man.

Tradition says great people are fit subjects for biography but art does not accept this consideration. If the modern life-story conforms to the ideal of a literary portrait the basis of judgment is the portrayal not of the greatness of the subject. One is reminded that it is the smile of "Mona Lisa" that lingers in the memory not the name of the subject of the portrait. A human life is made up of a number of motifs around these the biographer weaves his story realizing that "there is no life of man faithfully recorded, but it is a heroic poem of its sort rhymed or unrhymed."

Three Modern Biographers

Among modern biographers we find three who have achieved fame as literary artists: Andre Maurois, French; Lytton Strachey, English; Gamaliel Bradford, American. Andre Maurois in his work "Aspects of Biography" has revealed the growth of his greatest works "Amiel, the life of Shelley" and "Disraeli". Of the writing of "Amiel" the author relates the reading of a life of Shelley gave him keen pleasure, because some of the poet's experiences he could understand. After careful research he wove the three characters, Shelley, Harriet, his wife, and Mary

Godwin into a novel. Finding that this was the wrong approach, the author cast the materials into the form of a life-story, finding joy in his own expression because the romanticism of the poet was the romanticism of every young man. Of writing "Disraeli" Maurois relates: "I had no love for the young Disraeli with his gold chains, his elaborate waistcoats, and his ambitions. But I had immense sympathy for the Disraeli who discovered the opposition of a hostile world, for the Disraeli so grossly attacked by second-rate opponents; for the Disraeli who stuck to his guns and never accepted defeat, for the Disraeli who was the tender husband of Mary Ann and the faithful friend of John Manners * * * I learned through him the meaning of old age and of the approach of death—a piece of hard and inevitable schooling." Always writing with enthusiasm, with understanding sincerity, with lucidity Andre Maurois is a great biographer.

Lytton Strachey, eminent English biographer, set a new standard for writing in "Eminent Victorians" and "Queen Victoria." Educated at Cambridge he became a writer for periodicals. Using the method of the novelist, he presented the lives of the people whom he had studied so sympathetically and with such deep understanding that almost instantly fame was his. "Queen Victoria" is a portrait of a woman. It is not a record of English affairs or English life, always we see the little Victorian. We see "Dear Albert," we see Victoria not as a queen but as a woman, whether she is writing in her diary, or at an evening chess party at Windsor Castle. The work of Lytton Strachey has been the motivating force of the new school of modern biography.

Gamaliel Bradford, American, is a prolific biographer. "Confederate Portraits" "portraits of women." "Damaged Souls" and "Biography and the Human Heart" are considered by many to be his best work. To write biography as a literary portrait has been his purpose. Because "we live and move in a world of shadows, in which there is one intense reality, the reality called I, which perhaps is the vaguest shadow of all. Gamaliel Bradford has sought to understand human ntaure. As man's greatest interest is life, Gamaliel Bradford has abiding faith that to read biography will bring to man not only entertaniment, but some increase in patience, in sympathy, in tolerance and love.

The Portrait of a Woman

Emily Dickenson is one of the most interesting figures in American Literature. It has been said that her life could be told in three lines. "Born in Amherst. Lived in Amherst. Died in Amherst." When she died in 1886 seven hundred of her poems in manuscript were found in an old mahogany chest with certain old letters all marked to be burned. Since the publication of the poems a chorus of praise has acclaimed the work to be that of a genius. It has been characterized "as perhaps the finest by a woman in the English language." Other enthusiastic admirers consider her the greatest woman poet since Sappho.

The poetry of Emily Dickenson has no parallel in the whole of literature. The chief subjects are—life, love, nature, time, eternity. The poems are short intense flashes of suggestiveness. Gamaliel Bradford calls them "Clods of fire, shreds of heaven, snatches of eternity."

Only two persons knew Emily Dickenson intimately, herself and her "Sister Sue," her brother's wife. For the last thirty years of her life she was a recluse. Her devoted

biographer Martha Dickenson Bianchi, has described her thus: "Fascination was her element. She was not daily bread, she was star dust. Her solitude made her and was part of her." She lived spiritually within her own heart and mind.

The facts of Emily Dickenson's life are simple to relate, yet fraught with tremendous significance. Her life was spent in the little town of Amherst, Massachusetts. Her father a prominent lawyer was also treasurer of Amherst College. At the age of fifteen she was a sensitive girl with a greedy mind reveling in nature and believing that it was a terrible thing to grow up. Everything interested her when she went to complete her education at Mt. Holyoke Seminary. During these days she wrote for fun, but encouraged by a tutor she began to write seriously. In the winter of 1853 came the experience which changed the course of her life. A carefree happy young woman went to spend the winter with her father, a member of congress at Washington. There she met a brilliant young engineer, Edward Hunt. Overwhelming was the mental and spiritual attraction between the two only to become a tragic force, because he was already married. After parting they never met again. For forty years Emily Dickenson kept her love story a secret from her family. She sang her love, however, in her poems. When Major Hunt was accidentally killed during a naval experiment, Emily Dickenson's creative life was stimulated. Her sensitive being seemed to be nurtured by this extreme suffering. Her withdrawal from the world was the natural thing for an individual of her sensitivity. Her poetry is not the expression of a saddened recluse; it is the expression of a great spiritual experience. We read her poems with reverent sympathy remembering that there is a divinity that is the birthright of a poet. It would seem that this gift was the endowment of Emily Dickenson.

Of the poems of Emily Dickenson the following are best known: "If I Can Stop One Heart From Breaking," "We Never Know How High We Are," "The Soul Selects Her Own Society," "A Word," "I Took One Draught of Life," "Renunciation," "I Read My Sentence Steadily." Her love poems merged into death poems as she approached eternity; "A Wife at Daybreak I Shall Be" concluded the series thus:

"Eternity, I'm coming
Master I've seen thy face before."
* * * * * * * *
Death but the drifts of Eastern Gray
Dissolving in the East away
Before the West begins."

The immortal eight lines recording the tragedy of her life and indicative of her poetic power have given her the right to be considered among the finest of modern poets:

"My life closed twice before its close;
It yet remains to see
If Immortality unveil
A third event to me.

"So huge, so hopeless to conceive,
As these that twice befell
Parting is all we know of heaven,
And all we need of hell."

A Modern Biography

"Mary of Nazareth" by Mary Borden is a portrait of the mother of Jesus. The reader can do no other than approach the book in wonder at the courage and daring of the author. The biography is a recreation of the life of a woman of Palestine at the time of Christ. The creator, a careful student of historical, sociological and religious conditions of the Hebrews of this period, has drawn the picture sympathetically in quiet colors. Through-

out the story we see Mary as she reveals herself at the Feast of the Passover when Jesus remained at the temple to question the elders—the spirit of anxiety but not of complete understanding. The narrative follows the activities of Jesus, dealing chiefly with Mary's concern for her son, at times following him to Capernaum, at others patiently waiting at Nazareth for any news, but always anxious over the growing antagonism of the Jews. Mary of Magdala understands the mission of Jesus and tries to help Mary in the understanding of her Son's divine mission. There are several scenes of poignant beauty in the book:—Mary is teaching her little grandchildren a portion of Hebraic law. As they kneel at her feet they chant aloud to her question, "Of what shall the sabbath lamps be lighted?" They respond in desultory fashion as Mary's mind is wandering in anxiety to her son now performing miracles in Capernaum. The scene of the meeting of the mother of Jesus with Mary of Magdala is arresting in its significance. As the women follow Jesus during his trial and crucifixion the suffering is intense but delicately portrayed.

In closing the book the reader admits that the task of the author is well done, and it is almost with the feeling of gratitude that the approach has been so gentle and has been so objective with so much respect for the religious beliefs of mankind. As the great masters painted Mary as the Maddona we accept their portraits. Mary Borden's work is a portrait of Mary of Nazareth, revealing not divinity but the mother of Jesus of Nazareth.

Suggestions for Study

A. Materials:
   1. The Story of the World's Literature—*Macy.*
   2. Portraits of Women—*Bradford.*
   3. Aspects of Biography—*Maurois.*
   4. Poems of Emily Dickenson.

B. Program:
   1. Discussion
      a. The Art of Life-writing.
      b. Aspects of Modern Biography.
   2. Review
      a. A modern biography.
      b. An intimate biography of a woman either intimately known or sincerely admired by the group.
   3. Readings
      a. Selections from the poems of Emily Dickenson accompanied by a brief sketch of her life.

Objective:

This lesson is planned to give an understanding of biography as a literary form because of its significant place in the literature of today.

Social Service

(Fourth Week in March)

Samuel G. Howe and the Physically Handicapped

ONE of the strangest things in the history of human welfare work is the apparently accidental way in which great movements began—a prison scene in the life of Mrs. Fry, the appointment of John Howard as sheriff, and the fainting of a poor woman in Octa-

via Hill's kitchen. It was the same in the case of the man who began the work for the blind.

1. *A Scene in Paris, France*

In 1771 a fair was held in Paris. It was an annual event, and drew thousands into the city from all parts of the land. A certain innkeeper, hoping to make what profits he could from the fair, determined upon an unusual spectacle. Gathering all the blind men he could find, he dressed them in fantastic apparel and trained them for a burlesque play, a sort of comic opera. Most of them wore tall pointed hats, they had on pasteboard spectacles, and the head player was decorated with peacock feathers and the headdress of Midas. The play was repeated day after day.

This degrading scene proved a great hit with those who had come to the city for the fair, as well as with the townspeople generally. They had never witnessed such a sight before; it brought many a small coin into the coffers of the tavern keeper. One of the spectators, however, had very different feelings from the rest of the onlookers. His heart was filled with pity that any one should think so lightly of these poor unfortunates as to make a jest of them. There may have been others who thought the same thing, but this particular man believed that something should be done about it. Herein lay the chief difference between him and them—a difference that was to mean so much to the blind in years to come. This man's name was Hauy (pronounced Hawee, with the accent on the second syllable). The brother of a celebrated physicist and mineralogist, he was then only twenty-seven years old. Always, in the countries, there had been blind men. A few of these became famous—Nicholas Saunderson, an Englishman, for instance, who, after taking a degree at Cambridge, became professor of mathematics there, and the Swiss naturalist, Francis Huber, who, with the assistance of his wife, actually wrote a book on *The Habits of Ants*. Homer and Milton, one remembers were also blind. But, for the most part, blind persons, men and women, had taken to begging on the streets, as the only means of obtaining a livelihood. They were uniformly objects of pity everywhere. Blind beggars were as common a sight on the streets of Paris as they were in other European cities of the same size.

No sooner had Valentin Hauy conceived the idea that he ought to do something for the blind than he went about his self-imposed task. He began his work by teaching a blind boy in his neighborhood, who had been in the habit of begging at a church door. Encouraged by his success with this lad, Hauy collected other blind persons, and taught them in the same way. In 1784 he established in Paris a school for the blind, the first of its kind in the world. One day his first pupil, while sorting papers on his teacher's desk, came across a card strongly indented by type, some of the letters on which he was able to make out. When he reported this discovery to the master, Hauy got the idea of raised letters as a means of teaching the blind to read. Presently he gave a public exhibition of his pupils, one before King Louis XVI and his court, with the result that, as long as the novelty lasted, he received financial help from individuals, and later from the state. As time went on schools for the blind were established in Vienna, Berlin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other continental and English cities —all growing out of the work of Valentin Hauy.

2. *The Work Takes Hold in America.*

These schools for the blind in various parts of Europe resulted, as one might easily suppose, from visits to the Paris institution by interested persons—Klein from Vienna, Zeune from Berlin, Gall from Edinburgh, and Alston from Glasgow. As a matter of fact, one of the two first schools of the kind in America came from a similar visit to the French institution by Dr. John D. Fisher, of Boston. Although, as we are told, the best schools for the blind are to be found in Germany and Austria at the present time, yet Dr. Fisher established in Boston a better institution of the kind than was then to be found in any European country. This was probably due to the fact that in the Boston school there was at its head one of the most remarkable men who ever engaged in the work of teaching. This man was Dr. Samuel G. Howe.

Dr. Howe was the husband of Julia Ward Howe, an American writer who, through her most famous poem, the *Battle Hymn of the Republic,* stirred the feelings of patriotism in her fellow citizens during the civil war days. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1810, and died in 1876. When he was twenty-one, he was graduated from Brown University in the arts course, and three years later from Harvard University with a degree in medicine.

Human welfare work was a passion with him. That is the reason, most likely, why he studied medicine in the first place. It furnishes the reason, too, for his war work among the Greeks across the ocean. For, at the age of twenty-three, he went to Greece to help in the cause of freedom. After he got there he found that he could best serve the cause by returning to America and raising money and provisions; and this he did, going back to Greece with sixty thousand dollars, which he had raised chiefly among his friends here. His native interest in human beings, also, supplied the urge in him for his opposition to slavery. His chief contribution, however, to human welfare lies in his extraordinary work for the blind, the deaf and dumb, and the feeble-minded. Indeed, his work with these is outstanding.

One day Dr. Fisher, with a friend, was walking on the street in Boston. Dr. Fisher, as already stated, had become interested in work for the blind through visiting the Hauy institution in Paris. He was now contemplating the establishment of such a school in Boston, and was in eager search of a suitable person to take charge of it. Suddenly he stopped and said to his friend, "There's the man we are looking for!" And he pointed to Dr. Howe. A bargain was struck there and then, and the adventurous Howe was made head of an institution that had an existence, for the moment, only in the minds of Dr. Fisher and his interested friends. No better choice could have been made, as the event was to prove.

The first thing that Dr. Howe did was to make another journey to Europe, for the purpose of studying the best methods of dealing with, and teaching, the blind. With this end in view he visited the Hauy school in Paris and the institution for the blind in Edinburgh.

An incident that happened before his return throws light on the character of Howe. He wrote home that "some matters of private interest" required that he get permission for a further absence, which was granted. The "matters of private interest" proved to be carrying funds and supplies to the disheartened Poles, in their struggle for freedom. A little

after this he was imprisoned secretly by the German government, and his release secured with difficulty, through a happy coincidence.

The first pupils in the new American school for the blind were Abby and Sophia Carter, "two pretty little girls, one about six, the other about eight years old, tidily dressed, and standing hand in hand hard by the toll-house." On receiving the consent of their parents, Dr. Howe took them to his father's house, where the first school was held. It was then, and has continued to be, a private school, although its first money ($1,500) was contributed by the state legislature.

The year following the establishment of the Boston school for the blind, the legislature appropriated the sum of six thousand dollars for the support of the institution. This was after an exhibition of the pupils by Dr. Howe before this body. This exhibition before the legislature was followed by others, one in Salem and one in Boston. At a fair in the former town the women raised nearly three thousand dollars for the school, and in the latter city the women there, not to be outdone, raised more than eleven thousand dollars at a bazaar in Faneuil Hall. Presently a wealthy man in Boston, Thomas H. Perkins, gave his mansion on Pearl Street as a home for the school—provided that fifty thousand dollars was raised. With this new home and some money, the institution for the blind was now well established.

3. *Laura Bridgman*

Dr. Howe's remarkable powers of observation, of patient waiting for results, and of his unusual resourcefulness are indicated in his work with Laura Bridgman.

Laura Bridgman, when she came to the Boston institution, was seven years old. This was in 1837. She had had "fits" till she was about a year and a half old, and at two she had contracted scarlet fever, which left her without sight and hearing, and almost without the power to smell. In consequence, of course, she was also dumb. On recovering from her illness she was an invalid for two years. "The storm of disease gradually abated, however," says Dr. Howe, "and the wreck at last floated peacefully upon the stream of life. But what a wreck! Blind, deaf, dumb, and, moreover, without that distinct consciousness of individual existence, which is developed by the exercise of the senses." In this condition Laura entered the school.

Dr. Howe had for some time been deeply interested in the problem raised by the case of Laura Bridgman. He had followed with intense interest the experiments that had proved futile in the case of Julia Brace, at Hartford, Connecticut, in the American Asylum there. And so, when he read an account of Laura Bridgman, written by Dr. Mussey, he said to himself, as he tells us, "Here is an opportunity of assisting an unfortunate child, and, moreover, of deciding the question so often asked, whether a blind-mute can be taught to use an arbitrary language."

In all of Dr. Howe's efforts to educate and train Laura the chief purpose, of course, was to get her to learn the language—"without which," as he truly says, "she could never attain any considerable development of intellect, or of affections." This could be done, however, in only one of two ways. First, she might be taught a sign for everything. She was very fond, for instance, of figs, and she learned to make a sign which signified that she wanted a fig. But to have a separate sign for everything meant the multiplicity of signs

beyond the power of the mind to remember. So Dr. Howe quickly abandoneed this plan. Second, she would have to be taught "a system of purely arbitrary signs, by combinations of which she could give names to anything and everything; that is, the letters of the alphabet."

How this was accomplished is one of the most fascinating stories in teaching. First he put before her such articles as key, spoon, knife, together with the words "key", "spoon", and "knife" in raised letters. These she learned to associate in her mind. "So keen was the sense of touch in her tiny fingers that she immediately perceived that the crooked lines in the word *key* differed as much in form from the crooked lines in the word spoon as one article differed from the other." Next "similar labels, on detatched pieces of paper, were put into her hands, and she now observed that the raised letters on these labels resembled those pasted upon the articles. She showed her perception of this resemblance by placing the label with the word *key* upon the key, and the label *spoon* upon the spoon." Presently she was able to find the label for the article and to place it where it belonged. "The next step was to give a knowledge of the component parts of the complex sign, *book,* for instance. This was done by cutting up the label into four parts, each part having a letter upon it." At first she was puzzled, but gradually it began to dawn upon her that "here was a way by which she could herself make up a sign of anything that was in her own mind, and show it to another mind." Immediately her face lighted up with a human expression. She was no longer a parrot. She was an immortal spirit, eagerly seizing upon a new link of union with other spirits. It was a great, a dramatic moment. From now on progress was easier.

This method of teaching the word first and then the letters anticipated by decades the present method of teaching beginners in the public schools.

4. *Growth of the Work in the United States.*

Although, as already stated, the Boston institution was not actually the first school for the blind established in the United States, the one in New York preceding it by a few months, yet the Boston school may be said to be the parent of the movement in this country for the education of the physically handicapped here, and Dr. Samuel G. Howe the real pioneer in the movement.

We have already seen that Dr. Howe gave an exhibition of his pupils before the legislature of Massachusetts. He did so, too, in other States, where it was desired to found institutions for the blind—in New York, in Pennsylvania, in the New England States generally. Thus, in 1833, a school was established in Philadelphia; in 1835, one in Delaware; in 1836, one in New Jersey; in 1837, one in Maryland; in 1837 also, one in Ohio. After this came the institutions for the blind in Virginia (1839), Kentucky (1842), Tennessee (1843), Illinois (1848), Wisconsin (1849), Georgia (1851), and so on till now almost every State in the Union makes some provision for its physically handicapped citizens.

It should be noted here that the assumption respecting work for the blind-mutes is different in America and Europe. Whereas in this country we are willing to help these unfortunates, in Europe they take it for granted that they cannot make a living in the world, and must not be expected to do so. Accordingly in Europe instruction of the blind ends at fourteen years of age, after

which purely vocational work is given them—handicraft, piano-tuning, etc.

Dr. Howe, in this respect, was beforehanded. "You may give the blind," he says, "the means of earning their own livelihood, or at least of doing much towards it; you may light the lamp of knowledge within them." And he went on to say that the object in the education of the blind is "to take from society so many dead weights, and enable them to get their own livelihood; society ought not to consider any capital so invested as a sinking fund for the redemption of its charitable debt." He believed that girls and boys ought to be kept separate in institutions for the blind, and at first he was opposed to the blind marrying, though he afterwards modified this view to the extent of allowing them to marry one who could see.

Not only may Dr. Howe be regarded as the father of the movement for the education of the blind-mute in America, but his home in Boston proved to be the center in this country of the interest in the work for the physically and mentally handicapped. "Here Dorothea Dix came to ask advice in her crusade in the aid of the insane; here Horace Mann discussed the questions of public education. Charles Sumner spent many a night here talking on the burning subjects of slavery and secession. Theodore Parker's voice rang through these rooms 'like a hammer which breaketh the rocks' of superstition and formality. Charles Dickens passed hours here, and carried away impressions which he never lost."

When Dr. Howe passed away, the governor of Massachusetts sent a special mesasge to the legislature, which was then in session, calling attention to the State's loss "of a distinguished citizen." And at the funeral of Laura Bridgman, Edward Everett Hale gave an address, from which the following is taken:

"Owing to the life of this woman, there has been taken a step forward and upward in the education of children in all civilized lands. God has so ordered it, in his providence and wisdom, that in the marvelous develpoment of her life a step was taken which has changed all education, in what it was, what it is, and what it promises to be . And that is the feeling which the world will have, as from nation to nation it comes to know that Laura Bridgmen has passed from life to life."

This was, of course, high praise of the work of Dr. Samuel G. Howe, for without him Laura Bridgman would have been nothing. Incidentally it should be added that Anna M. Sullivan, teacher of Hellen Keller, was a pupil-assistant of Dr. Howe in the Boston school.

Class Discussion

1. What facilities has your community and State for the education and vocational training of the blind and deaf? Those who are familiar with what is done in the State institutions and what they have to offer, can be of great service to the handicapped in their community. For instance, the circulating library for the blind, the traveling teacher, the work shops and reading rooms, as well as the institutions and associations for the blind. We suggest that a class member be asked to report on all the resources for the betterment of the blind and the deaf.

2. Tell something about the Braille system of reading and how it originated. The associations of the blind are very much opposed to the blind begging. What do you think is the reason for this disapproval?

3. Tell something of the life of Hellen Keller. How was she indebted to Dr. Howe?

Mission Lessons

LESSON VI. HEALTH AND HOME NURSING

Medicine Cabinet

"Health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other."—*Addison.*

WE learn from a certain nursery rhyme that "for the want of a nail, a city was lost." It so happened only recently in a home, that a thumb was lost for want of a good antiseptic at the time of injury. Too often an emergency arises which requires some simple remedy that is to be handled properly and readily if the right materials are available, and many real tragedies may be averted by a little fore-thought. Preparedness in the home, to meet the minor emergencies and to treat the common ailments, requires a medicine chest. No home, especially one with growing children, is complete without one.

True, the drug store may be just around the corner—but home accidents are apt to occur any time when the drug store doors are closed. It is most embarrassing, in the wee small hours of the morning to be compelled to borrow from a neighbor, a simple remedy which should be found in every well regulated household.

In time of health prepare for sickness. Somewhere in every household, usually on a back shelf and covered with dust, are to be found a few indifferent remedies. These medicines may be scattered through the toilet articles; they may be cluttered up with shoe horns, hair grease, face creams, old razor blades, etc.,—so the family medicine chest actually becomes a family menace.

The value of a medicine cabinet is in keeping the necessary articles in good condition. "Check the medicines as they are used just as you do your groceries, and replenish as soon as possible." Get rid of the non-essentials. Most patent medicines and cure-alls are worthless. The value of many patent medicines is greatly exaggerated through advertising claims. Many of them are absolutely worthless and yet some have sold as high as twelve dollars per bottle. Old prescriptions should be thrown away. Drugs deteriorate with age and a prescription for one illness is not good for another.

Do not buy drugs in large quantities. Some drugs become very concentrated with age, and tincture of iodine with evaporation of the alcohol, may become very caustic and its application produce a burn or a blister.

Drugs are not as popular as they were fifty years ago. Modern treatment emphasizes the value of diet, baths, rest, and other corrective measures for the treatment of sickness. Prevention is still more important than cure, but the fact remains that in every home accidents do happen and sometimes sickness is present. It is important therefore that every home should have some first aid supplies, and a few remedies which have a definite use and value in common ailments. "Medicine can be helpful at the right time and harmful at the wrong time."

It is not intended that we prescribe for ourselves and make a diagnosis always of our own ailment, this must be left to a physician. Someone has said that a sick person who prescribes and treats his own ailment has a fool for a patient.

We may not all agree as to what remedies we should include in our

medicine chest; but in most emergencies there are certain well known remedies, which have stood the test of time, and these should be found there. A medicine cabinet may be a very elaborate affair, or it may be a very simple, effective and useful addition to every home, giving a sense of comfort and security.

It should hang on the wall of the bathroom, well out of the way of the children. It would be well to paint it white and a red cross, the symbol of relief the world over, could be painted in the door. Glass shelves are preferable, they show the dust and are easily cleaned. Keep the medicine cabinet clean. Keep toilet articles away from the medicines. Get rid of the old things and arrange the medicines so they can be found when needed. Keep the labels on bottles clean and readable. When you pour medicine from a bottle remember always to keep the label side up, and by doing so none of the contents will spoil the label. Wipe bottles off after using.

Parents who are taking sugar coated pills and chocolate covered tablets often leave them carelessly about the bathroom shelves. Such tablets are a source of great danger to children. They often contain strychnine, and a child attracted by "the bright color and sweet flavor fails to notice the bitter underneath." Children have been poisoned by this negligence. Warning labels should be on all such remedies. They must be kept in the medicine cabinet away from children.

Never take medicine in the dark. If you are taking a liquid medicine always shake the bottle before pouring. Follow directions absolutely, giving just the amount ordered. Cork the bottle at once and replace it on the shelf. It is important that you read the label three times; first as you take the medicine from the chest, next after you have poured it out, and third as you replace the bottle back upon the shelf. Always do this before taking a dose of medicine, it is a good habit to acquire. A little water, a piece of cracker or cheese or a peppermint, immediately after taking medicine will make it more palatable.

There are certain well established drugs and first aid supplies the value of which cannot be disputed and these should always be found in the medicine cabinet.

The Contents of the Medicine Cabinet

EXTERNAL USE

TINCTURE OF IODINE, two ounces—ask the druggist to dilute the regular tincture of iodine with alcohol, making it just one-half strength. AS A DISINFECTANT —This is used on cuts and wounds. Allow it to dry before applying the dressing.

TURPENTINE — three ounces —an excellent disinfectant for small fresh cuts, especially on the hand. Soak a small piece of gauze in the turpentine and bandage it over the cut. This remedy is also good to remove wood-ticks.

HYDROGEN PEROXIDE— four ounces — a fine disinfectant for the more delicate structures. Excellent for stopping bleeding and when a piece of gauze is soaked with peroxide it makes an effective pack to stop nose-bleed.

ABSORBENT COTTON—two one-ounce packages. Wash clean and scald a small one pint fruit jar, wet the large end of a tooth-pick, and wrap small pieces of cotton around it. This makes an excellent swab or applicator, and many of these can be kept in the jar and will always be ready for use.

GAUZE BANDAGES — two bandages each of the following sizes: one inch, two inches and three inches. All bandages to be left in original packages.

STERILE GAUZE — two one yard packages. Keep the gauze in the original packages. Handle it only by the corners when applying a dressing. Always use gauze next to a wound and never cotton. A little cotton, however, placed on the outside of the gauze before bandage is applied will help keep the dressing in place.

SPOOL OF ADHESIVE—one spool of adhesive one inch wide will meet most of the requirements. Useful sometimes in bringing the cut surfaces of a wound together, also to assist in keeping the dressings in place.

WHITE VASELINE—one tube, can be used as a dressing for burns, also an excellent ointment for skin irritation and small abrasions.

PICRIC ACID GAUZE—a very effective dressing for burns.

BORIC ACID POWDER—one three ounce tin. A teaspoonful of this powder to a cup of water makes a good eye lotion and can also be used as a mouth wash.

Some SAFETY PINS and a blunt pair of SCISSORS complete the articles on the top shelf of the medicine cabinet.

INTERNAL USE

CASTOR OIL — four ounces. Dose, tablespoon for children. Adults about twice that much. Can be given in a little orange juice to which a pinch of soda has been added just before taking.

MILK OF MAGNESIA—three ounces. An excellent laxative for infants and adults. An anti-acid and very palatable.

EPSOM SALTS — four ounce tin. A cathartic, rapid and sure, and can be used in a solution for moist dressings on old wounds.

AROMATIC CASCARA—three ounces. This is a mild stimulating laxative, pleasant to take—must be well diluted with water and the dose is one to two teaspoonfuls upon retiring.

Laxatives are only to be used in case of emergency. Constipation must be corrected by diet and if it persists always consult a doctor. Never give a laxative in the presence of an inflammatory condition of the bowels.

AROMATIC SPIRITS OF AMMONIA—one ounce bottle. An excellent stimulant for fainting or for the heart—the dose is one-half teaspoonful in one-half cup of cold water. It can be poured on a handkerchief and used for inhalations by holding over the nose of the patient.

SYRUP OF IPECAC — two ounce bottle. Use to produce vomiting and for children with croup.

SWEET SPIRITS OF NITRE —two ounces. The dose is a teaspoonful in a cup of water, good for fever and to increase the urinary output.

LIME WATER—eight ounces. To be used as a stomach sedative—added to milk it prevents curdling, combined with linseed oil, equal parts, it makes an excellent dressing for burns.

ESSENCE OF PEPPERMINT —one ounce. For colic in infants—the dose is five to ten drops in a tablespoon of water.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES—a well equipped medicine cabinet should contain a fever thermometer, a medicine glass, a medicine dropper, a small jar of salt and another one of baking soda. A few

wooden tongue depressors and eight ounces of rubbing alcohol. Salt water makes a good throat gargle.

EAR DROPS—an ounce bottle of carbolated glycerine, ten per cent solution. The ear drops should be warm before putting in the ear. Test heat by pouring a drop on the arm inside of the elbow.

PAREGORIC AND ASPIRIN are two very fine remedies, but in America they have been very much abused. They have their uses and if properly used are a valuable addition to any medicine cabinet.

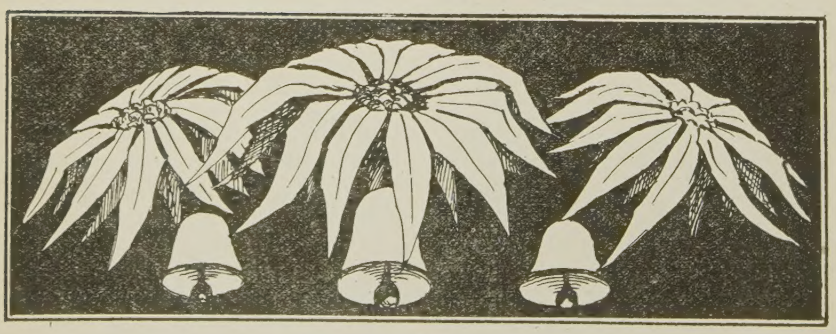
OLIVE OIL, consecrated, should be found in every Latter-day Saint home.

The Stove

By Carlton Culmsee

At first she thought the stove was big and black
And ugly for the airy little room.
Often, no doubt, when dusting, she would fume—
This huge intruder with its bric-a-brac
In nickel would accuse her of a lack
Of taste. All she'd contrived of cheer and bloom
Was shadowed by this monument of gloom;
Her guests would say that homemaking's a knack
Denied her.

But the winter laid its strong
Gray siege down, put its mouth to every chink
And breathed upon us. And she came to think
The stove was friendly, that it did belong,
That the deep bed of coals was like the heart
Of a great dog that stoutly took our part.



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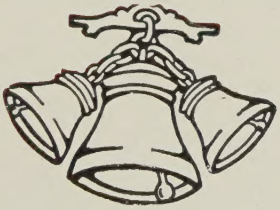

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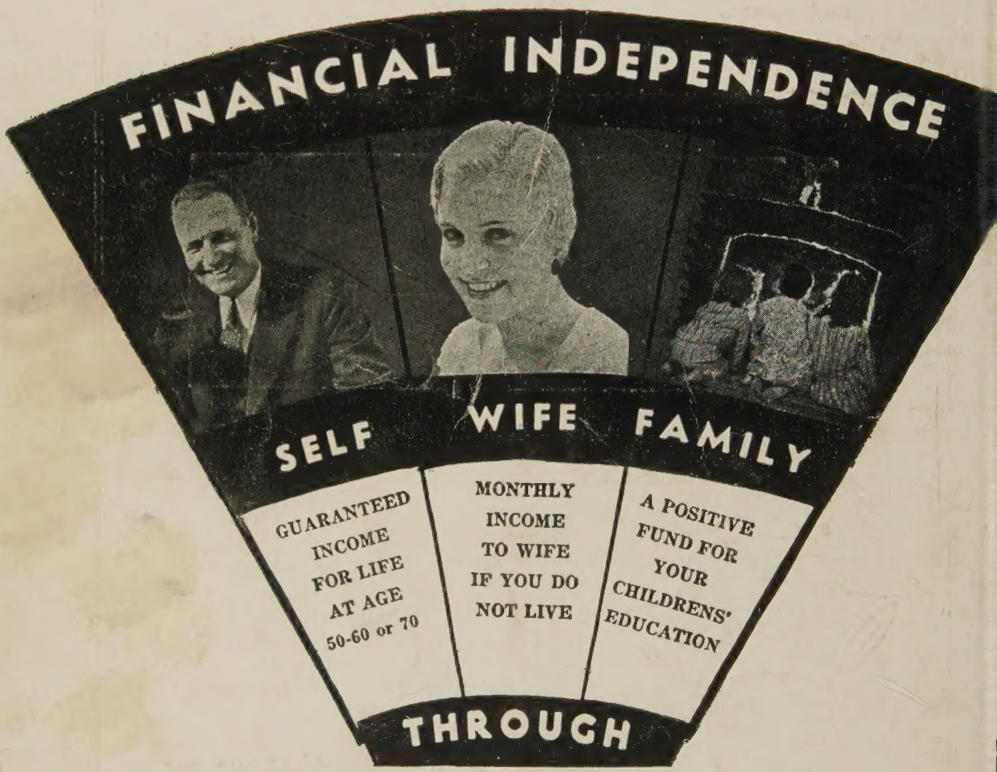

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